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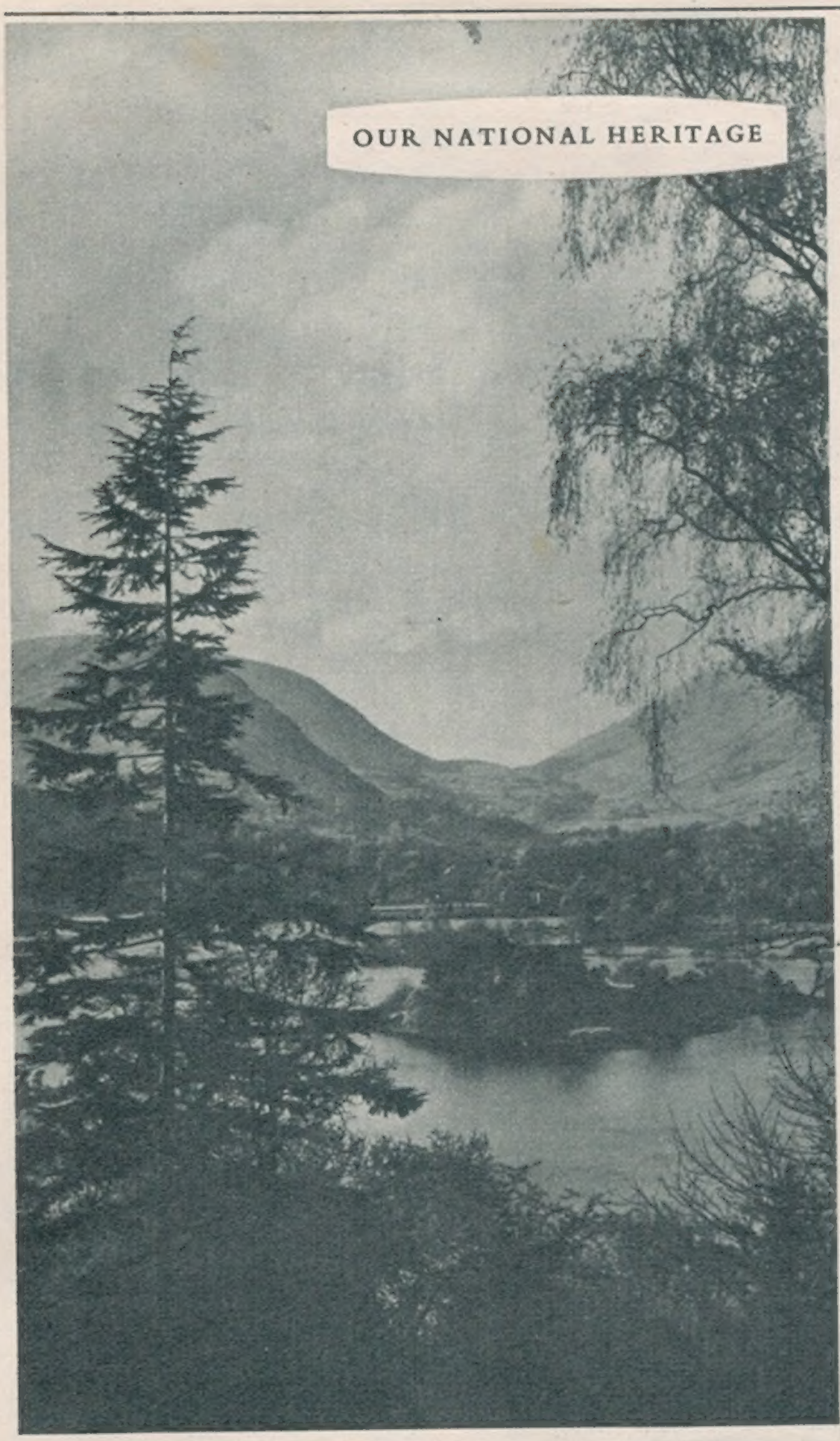

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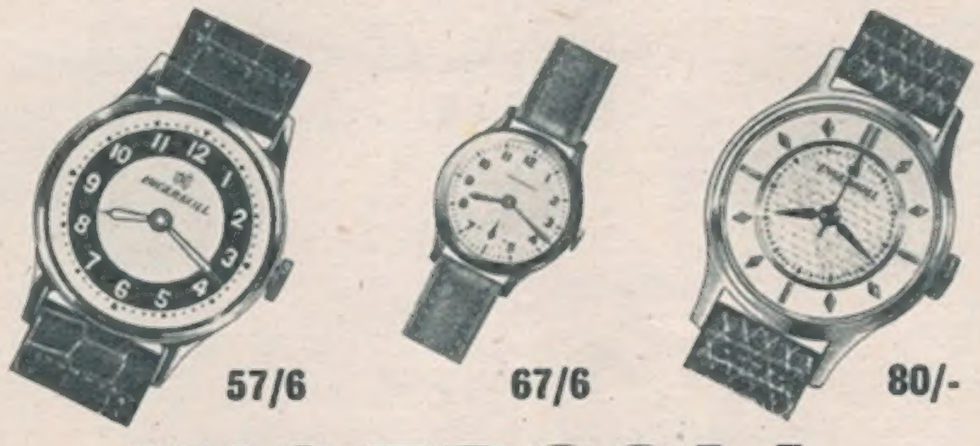

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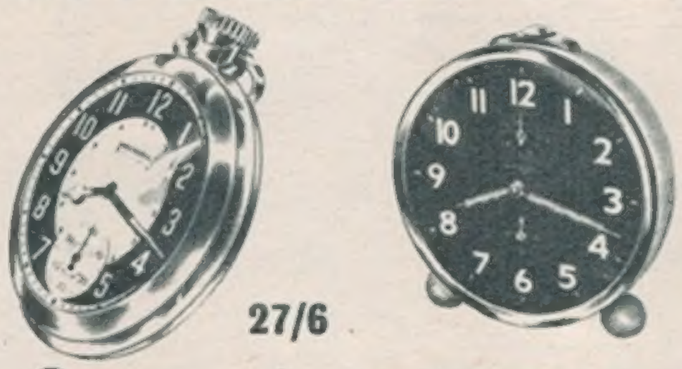

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FREE SPEECH

Must Women Risk Their Lives For Glamour?

Why do women live so dangerously? They seem to have no sense at all about common-sense safety. Watch a woman ride a bicycle in a busy street, wobbling with one hand on the handlebar, the other holding down her skirt. Look at women's high heels—just asking for accidents on stairs and pavement gratings.

They wear skirts so tight that they're in danger of stumbling while hurrying across a road—or so wide that they catch in cycle wheels and fires. Once my wife was nearly dragged off a station platform with her swirling summer frock trapped in a train door. Women wear their hair so long that factories have to warn girls to keep clear of machinery.

If they do all this to impress us men, women can think again—and put safety before modesty and glamour. We'd rather have our womenfolk as live geese than dead ducks.

K. BRIDGE, PRESTON, LANCS.

★ ★ ★

Watch The Birdies

Twenty-five years ago on a fifty-mile cycle ride I counted thirty dead birds and other wild creatures, including a hedgehog and a stoat. But recently, on a similar ride, I was delighted to find not a single dead creature on the roads.

It seems that wild birds and animals are learning road sense—even if we humans aren't.

H. PHILLIPS, WEST BROMWICH, STAFFS.

"Animals and birds do learn by experience," says a zoologist. "Birds, for example, soon learned to peck off milk-bottle tops. But this isn't inherited as instinct; they learn by imitation."

★ ★ ★

Ah Well, Home Again

I wish something could be done about the high-handedness of some Post Office officials. I live near the Chatham-Gillingham border, on the Chatham side. To save postmen a walk, we were told to change our address to Gillingham. Now, a few days after having 250 letterheads printed, we've been given three days' notice to change back again—or our mail "may be delayed."

H. S. TAYLOR, DERBY ROAD, CHATHAM.

"This is our standard warning," says the Post Office. "But the mail will not be delayed immediately; we give a year's grace. For us to change an address a second time is unusual. It was done here at the local council's request."

★ ★ ★

Colour Counts

JOHN BULL's reproduction of Renoir's *Le Déjeuner des Canotiers* (Modern Masterpieces, May 31) greatly added to my pleasure in hearing a recent television talk by Sir Gerald Kelly.

His subject was the same painting, and although a novice to art I gained considerable pleasure—and knowledge—from being able to follow the talk with the aid of your colour reproduction, as opposed to television's black and white.

N. DIXON, CHIPPENHAM ROAD, LONDON, W.9.

★ ★ ★

Talking Of Cricket . . .

Are there any explanations of how the fielding positions in cricket got their names? I can imagine that the slips were so named because fielders standing there were well placed to take

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FREE SPEECH

continued from page 3

advantage of any slip made by the batsmen. But what of the gulley? And of point, the covers and the rest?

G. F., WARWICK.

"There are no official explanations," says H. S. Altham, the cricket historian and former M.C.C. treasurer. "Most of the names are slang, dating back many years. Slips—yes, for a slip; gulley, quite a modern position, is the narrow space between slip and point, who is at the point of the bat.

"Third man goes back a hundred years. It should be 'third man up,' meaning long slip brought up in addition to the men at point and slip. Those were the days before the long line of slips. Cover, of course, 'covers' the man at point.

"Silly, as in silly mid-on, really does mean silly: either the fieldsman is silly to stand so near the bat—or the batsman is silly to pop a catch to him. The others, such as square leg (square on the batsman's leg side), are self-explanatory."

Senghenydd, 1913

The 1934 Gresford Colliery accident, in which 265 men lost their lives, was the worst in Britain for almost a century, says W. E. Armstrong in your series about Sir Hartley Shawcross's cases.

He overlooked the Pretoria pit accident in Lancashire in 1910, which cost 343 lives, and the 1913 Senghenydd disaster, which was even worse.

MRS. E. M. N., ECCLES, LANCS.

At least 426 miners were killed at Senghenydd; some records put the figure even higher.

Still Game

When I retired I was advised to take up bowls, but as there are so many cases of heart failure on bowling greens I can't understand why doctors recommend the game. The exercise is all right, but surely all the stooping is bad for the heart.

W. R., CROYDON ROAD, WALLINGTON, SURREY.

"Bowls is a fine game for old people," says a doctor, "even those with bad hearts. With a normal heart an old person may take part in any not-too-strenuous sport such as golf—even riding. The only reason so many die on bowling greens is that a lot of people with bad hearts play, and they are likely to die anyway. But what better place to die?"

To School—By Pram

When scientists predicted that some day human beings would use cars so much that they would no longer have legs, as we know them now, I thought it was wild fiction. But I've had to change my mind.

Recently I saw a three-year-old child being pushed in a high pram—at an age when my own would cheerfully walk three miles. Then a neighbour's child was bought a *new* pushchair after her *fourth* birthday. And now I've noticed a mother taking her *five*-year-old to meet the school bus every day in a pushchair. Yet all these children are healthy and sturdy.

Surely the English must be the worst mothers for refusing to let their children grow up.

M. PIPATTI-DEACON, MUDFORD, NR. YEOVIL.

Ants In The Pantry

Summer-time . . . and here's a tip for readers who suffer from ants in the pantry. Remove the top of a tin of condensed milk, pour out nearly all the milk and leave the tin in the pantry. In a few hours, every ant will be trapped and dead.

JASPER SMITH, SECOND AVENUE, WICKFORD, ESSEX.

Current Crop

A neighbour of mine was convinced that electricity had a good effect on the growth of his vegetables—and to prove it he showed me his garden. Crossing the plot diagonally was an overhead telephone wire; under it was a line of vegetables that were obviously growing faster than the rest.

I didn't tell him I disbelieved his theory, but to me it seems more likely that it was due to rain and dew dripping off the wire, giving the plants underneath more consistent watering.

F. L. WATKINS, MOUNT ROAD, RUGELEY, STAFFS.

Percy Thrower says: "Yes, it is water from the wire. Moisture controls the rate of growth, but I don't recommend a criss-cross of wires over your garden—it would look too untidy. Mulch your plants with grass cuttings; it has the same effect."

Play The Game, Chaps

I recently wrote to my M.P. about a minor grievance involving the ministry in which he himself holds office. But I got little satisfaction.

How much better served must be people whose M.P.s are in Opposition parties! An M.P. in a ministry can't really be expected "to play against his own side," but those with no such allegiances can devote all their attention—and sympathies—to their constituents.

H. E., BERKSHIRE.

Mrs. Bessie Braddock, M.P., says: "In a case like this you can write to a neighbouring M.P. —although before investigating the complaint he will tell the constituent's own M.P. as a matter of courtesy. If there was still no satisfaction from the ministry, and it was an important issue, some members would raise it in the House. I would."

The Outlaw

An elderly woman was running to catch a bus I was on recently when the conductress rang the bell. I knew that she had seen the woman, and as there was only one bus an hour I thought the conductress's action very mean—and told her so. "Oh, don't worry about her," was her reply. "She's my mother-in-law."

G. P. ANGOLD, BRENTWOOD SCHOOL, ESSEX

JOHN BULL pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

A BOY, a girl, a picnic lunch . . . all they lacked was seclusion. For a week they'd dreamed of that idyllic place where the river bends, the fronds drink their reflections in the water and the old trout sleeps under the bank. But all dreams must eventually succumb to reality, and who better to shatter the peaceful setting than three cynical young sports with a training schedule to fulfil? Says Wyles: "Sorry, but courting couples who are likely to impede Britain's Olympic prospects must definitely up anchor and away."

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Beginning the story of a love that blazed across the skies . . .

by NEVIL SHUTE

The Rainbow and the Rose

JOHN PASCOE must have created something like a record for a pilot in civil aviation, because he went on flying a DC-6B across the Pacific from Sydney to Vancouver as a senior captain of AusCan Airways till he was sixty years old.

The Department of Civil Aviation stuck their toes in then. They refused to renew his licence for regular airline flying, on the score of age. He took his pension and bought three small aeroplanes out of his savings, and formed himself into a small aero club and superphosphate spreading company at Buxton in Tasmania. Flying was his whole life and he had few other interests, so he went on flying.

He was unmarried; back in the dark ages before ever I knew him there had been a divorce. He was the healthiest man of his age that I have ever met; at the time of his retirement he used no spectacles and still had all his own teeth. I knew him for nearly thirty years; in fact, he taught me to fly when I was eighteen at Duffington, near Leacaster, where my father was a solicitor.

He was born a Canadian, in Toronto I believe. He went to England as a flight cadet to train with the Royal Flying Corps in 1915 and he never went back to Canada—not to live, that is, though he must have passed through it often enough.

Well now. I emigrated to Australia when I got married just after the second war. I joined Australian Continental Airways some time ago, and I've been a captain with them for the last

Holding the stricken child, the woman stared aghast as the plane came in for the fourth time and crashed off the runway

It would be hell flying

I shouted: "Try it now!" The doctor forced open the door, searching for the ground with his foot. The effect on the aircraft was very bad indeed

five years. In July of last year I was on the Sydney—Melbourne run flying a Viscount.

That year we had a terrible July. I was sitting in the pilots' room at Sydney one evening half asleep, listening to the radio and the wind outside and the rain beating on the window. The seven o'clock news was just coming on. I sat dozing through all the stuff about Egypt and all the stuff about the floods along the Murray.

Then there came a bit that jerked me suddenly awake. The announcer said this:

> It is reported from Tasmania that a pilot flying a small aeroplane upon an errand of mercy crashed this afternoon on a small airstrip on the west coast. The pilot, Captain John Pascoe, was attempting to land to bring a child into hospital, Betty Hoskins, aged seven, who is suffering from appendicitis. There is no practicable land route to the Lewis River and all communications normally take place by sea, but no vessel has been able to enter the river for the last ten days owing to the continuing westerly gales. Captain Pascoe is reported to have sustained a fractured skull.

I was a bit upset when I heard this news. When I went for briefing for the flight to Melbourne, I asked the control officer: "Did you get any more on Johnnie Pascoe?"

"Not much," he said. "Hobart sent a machine out just before dark, but it didn't get far. It's clamped down over the mountains."

I went out to the aircraft and put all this out of my mind. We flew at 23,000 feet, and even at that height we had a rough trip. When we were near Melbourne, I asked Essendon Tower if there was anything fresh on Johnnie Pascoe.

"We've been monitoring their frequency," the controller said, "but there's been nothing fresh. I don't suppose there will be till the morning. The woman's there alone."

"What woman?" I inquired. "Over."

"They're tin miners," he explained. "Mr. and Mrs. Hoskins and two children. They've got a diesel-engined boat. Don Hoskins took it round to Hobart a fortnight ago to fetch stores, leaving his wife and children in the house. Now he can't get back."

"For the love of Mike!" I said. "Who's looking after Johnnie Pascoe?"

"The woman is," he replied. "She pulled him out of the machine and got him to the house."

I thought very quickly. "What's the strip like? Is there a data sheet for it?"

"I think there might be. Would you like me to look and see?"

"I wish you would. I'll come up to the tower when we land."

We got in to Essendon at about a quarter to eleven. In the warmth and light of the office I glanced at the movements board. There was a Dakota freighter scheduled to leave for Hobart in Tasmania at one o'clock in the morning.

The controller had the data sheet for the Lewis River airstrip on his desk, and he handed it to me. "It's not a licensed field," he said.

It certainly wasn't. The plan showed it as one tiny runway 630 feet long, little more than two hundred yards, and only forty feet wide. It was built upon a ridge because the ground fell away quite steeply towards the west; at one point it was marked: "Cliff 50 ft." only a few yards from the runway.

"It's pretty small," I said at last.

He nodded. "They don't use it much. The Hobart club fly in to take them the mail once a week, but they don't very often land. Generally they drop the mail and parcels as they fly over. They *do* land light aircraft there, though, in fine weather."

"How did all this begin?" I said.

"The kid got sick two days ago," he told me. "The mother got on the radio about it, and they got the doctor on the other end. He diagnosed appendicitis, and said she'd got to be brought into hospital at once."

"Easier said than done."

"That's right. They sent a machine out from Hobart, twice. They couldn't make it over the mountains either time. Then Pascoe said he could make it from Buxton. It's about a hundred and ten miles from Buxton, flying down the coast from the north."

He paused. "The woman said that he made three attempts to land—touched his wheels each time and took off again. The fourth time, she said, the machine turned upside down in a gust and fell off the edge of the runway."

I glanced down at the paper in my hand. It was several hundred yards to the homestead. "She got him to the house?"

He nodded. "She must be a pretty good kind of a girl. She had the child out there at the runway in her arms ready to pop it into the machine. She put the child down and pulled Pascoe out of the wreckage. She says he's got a big dent in his head where the skull's caved in, a broken thigh, and possibly other injuries."

"Christ!" I said softly. I could imagine the scene—just one woman in the rain with all that on her plate. "What did she do then?"

"She did all right," he said. "She left him lying on the ground and ran back with the child to the house. Then she ran back again with a couple of hot-water bags and blankets. She knows about shock, apparently. Then she ran back to the house again and got on the blower to Hobart. She's got the standard medicine chest and they told her what to give him—morphia or something. She gave him that and then she went and got their tractor and a sled, and put him on the sled, and got him to the house and into bed."

It was just about as bad as it could be. "What's the form about the weather?" I asked.

"They're hoping for a few hours clear tomorrow. Then it's likely to close down again."

"Do you know what they're planning to do? Is there anyone at Buxton now? Any other pilot who could fly an Auster down from there?"

He shook his head. "I haven't heard. As far as I know, Pascoe was the only experienced pilot there."

I stood in thought for a moment. I knew I couldn't let this rest. I'd have to go over and do what I could to help.

I turned to the controller. "Mind if I use your telephone?"

I rang Peter Fosdick, our operations manager. He was in bed, but I got him out of that. I told him what the form was, and asked if he could spare me for a day or two to go over on this thing. He grumbled a good bit, but he couldn't very well refuse.

When I got home, Sheila had gone to bed; she came out in her dressing gown to meet me in the hall. "You're late, Ronnie," she said. "Did you have a bad trip?"

"Not too bad," I told her. "But there's been a bit of drama in Tasmania. Johnnie Pascoe's bought it. I'm going over there. There's a freighter in about an hour's time. I want my leather coat and helmet."

She stared at me, astonished. "Your *leather coat*? I haven't seen that for years." She stood in thought. "I think it might be in the trunk under Diana's bed, underneath my stole."

"Would the helmet be with it?"

"It might be. Peter had that last, two years ago, when he went to that fancy dress party at school."

Diana woke up when I pulled the trunk out from under her bed, and sat up sleepily. "Wha's the matter?"

"It's all right, darling," Sheila told her. "We just want Daddy's coat. He's going flying."

The coat was there in newspaper and we found the helmet in the chest of drawers in Peter's room. Sheila said softly: "He puts it on sometimes, in front of the looking-glass."

We closed the door quietly behind us. "You'd better have something, Ronnie," she said. "Dripping toast and cocoa?"

I ate the little meal Sheila prepared for me. I glanced at my watch, and it was time to go.

She said a little anxiously: "Don't go and buy it yourself, Ronnie."

"I won't do that," I promised her. "There's trouble enough over there already. . . ."

It was nearly half past three in the morning

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

when the freighter put down at Launceston. We had radioed the airport control to ask them for a car to drive me sixty miles to Buxton. It was a quarter past five when we got to the little town.

It didn't take me long to find the police station. There was a light on in the front office, and when I opened the door a young constable got up from a desk. I told him briefly why I'd come to Buxton. I said: "They told me at Essendon that Mrs. Hoskins would be speaking on the morning schedule at seven o'clock. Mind if I listen in?"

"Not at all," he said. "There'll be others coming to hear that. Mr. Monkhouse for one—he's Captain Pascoe's ground engineer—and Sergeant Farrell from the house."

Eventually a car drew up in the street outside; the constable glanced out of the window. "Here's Mr. Monkhouse."

He was an oldish man, dressed in a roll-neck sweater under a soiled sports coat. He glanced at me. "You come to fly him out?" he said.

"We'll see what the form is," I replied. "The Hobart club may have got something laid on by this time. What have you got here?"

"There's an Auster and a Tiger," he said. "Is the Auster okay?"

"Filled her up and did the daily last night," he said. "Case anybody wanted her."

The sergeant came in from a door that led into the house, buttoning his jacket. He went to the transceiver and turned it on to warm up, and we stood silent, listening. Presently it came to life, and Hobart came upon the air.

The announcer said: "This is Seven HT. Seven HT calling all regular stations. Good morning, everybody. This morning I'm taking Seven KZ first, and after that we'll take the regular schedule. Seven KZ, if you are listening, will you come in, Mrs. Hoskins."

THERE was a momentary pause, and then: "This is Seven KZ," said a woman's voice. "How are you today, Mr. Fletcher? Over."

"I'm fine. How are your two patients? Over."

"Well, Betty's better, Mr. Fletcher. Her stomach doesn't feel so rigid, and she drank a little milk. Captain Pascoe, he seems just about the same. I gave the second injection at midnight, like the doctor said."

"Is he conscious?"

"Well, it's hard to say, you know. Sometimes his eyes are open, and then it's as if he's looking at things in the room, you know. It's hard to say. Over to you."

"I'll put you through to Doctor Parkinson in a minute, Mrs. Hoskins. Before I do that, tell me about the weather. What's it like with you this morning?"

"It's showing a little line away over on the horizon, like as if it was clearing behind the rain."

"Good-oh. They forecast a fine morning and it looks as though you're going to have it. I'm going to switch you through now to the doctor. Before I go off, though, we shall want to speak to you again to get the latest weather from you. Can you be listening again at half past eight?"

I lit another cigarette and we stood listening to the consultations. Then the announcer said: "Before we go on with the morning schedule, has any other station anything to say about Lewis River?"

At the set the sergeant touched a switch and spoke into the microphone. "This is Seven PC, Buxton. There is a Captain Clarke here wants to speak. Over."

"Okay, Buxton. Put Captain Clarke on."

I went to the microphone and said: "Clarke speaking. Have you heard anything about me from Essendon? Over."

"Yes, we had a message to say you were coming. We're very glad to hear that there's a pilot at Buxton. What aircraft have you got there?"

"There's an Auster fuelled and serviceable."

"This break in the weather that's coming won't last longer than two or three hours, according to the met. After that it's going to clamp down again for an indefinite period, days perhaps. The met don't think there's going to be much reduction in the wind velocity. If that's right, we shan't be able to go round the south coast from here unless we take the Proctor, and that's not got a hope of landing on that strip. Over to you."

"Clarke here. The wind's dead across the strip, is it? Over."

"It is at present, and not likely to change."

"I can make the Lewis River down the coast," I said. "Tell me what you want me to do and I'll do it."

"Are you willing to try and put a doctor down?" he asked.

I paused before replying. It was years since I had flown anything like that, but I had been good on Austers once. "I'm game to try it," I said.

"The met only give it about three hours before it clamps again," he said. "I'd like to fly our doctor up to you, but I don't know that there's time for that. Have you got a doctor there with surgical experience?"

"I don't know," I said. I turned to the sergeant and asked him. "Is there a doctor here?" He replied: "Doctor Turnbull." I said: "You'd better speak," and he took the microphone.

"This is Sergeant Farrell," he said. "Doctor Turnbull lives here. He does surgery."

We left it that the sergeant should take me to see the doctor and we would speak again at half past eight.

We drove up to the doctor's lodgings. The doctor had been out on a late case and he was still in bed. We waited, and he came into the sitting-room in his pyjamas, bleary-eyed from sleep, hair tumbled, doing up the cord of his dressing gown. He looked incredibly young. I learned later that he was twenty-eight, but that morning he looked about fifteen.

"Sorry to wake you, Doctor," said the sergeant. "But it's Captain Pascoe."

"That's all right," he muttered. "What about Captain Pascoe?"

"This is Mr. Clarke," the sergeant said. He corrected himself. "Captain Clarke, I should say, with A.C.A. It don't seem possible to get Captain Pascoe out just yet, but there's a clear patch of weather coming for a few hours now, so Captain Clarke could maybe fly you in."

The boy rubbed a hand over his face and shook his head a little, shaking away his sleep. "What's he got? Fractured skull, isn't it?"

"He's got a fractured thigh as well."

"What about the other one? The appendicitis?"

"There's that, too," the sergeant said. "But the report on the morning session was to say she's better."

DOCTOR TURNBULL stood in silence. Presently he plunged his hand into the pocket of his dressing gown and produced a packet of cigarettes. He offered them to us and we both took one.

"I couldn't do two major operations there," he said irresolutely. "You'll have to get them out to where the job can be done properly."

"There doesn't seem to be much hope of getting them out," I said. "We've got a wind that won't be less than thirty miles an hour any time today, and blowing dead across the strip. I can't land in a cross wind like that."

He looked at me a little sullenly. "If you can't land there, what's the use of talking?"

"There *is* one thing that we can do," I said. "I can take an Auster there and fly slowly across the strip, with any luck, heading into wind. I won't be more than five feet up—I may even be able to touch my wheels. We'll be flying at about forty miles an hour into a thirty-mile-an-hour wind, so we shan't be doing more than ten miles an hour across the strip. An active man could just step out on to the strip."

He stood there biting his lip. At last he said: "If I went I'd have to take an awful lot of things with me. Some of them in bottles—liquids. They'd all get broken, wouldn't they?"

"We'll just have to do our best," I said. "Pack them with a lot of padding in an old suitcase, and see what we can do."

He stood there silent, and I guessed that he was trying to think up a few more objections. It was time to cut him short. "Well, that's all fixed, then," I said positively. "I'm going out to the aerodrome now to look over the machine. Have all your stuff down at the police station at half past eight."

In the car on our way to the aerodrome, I

As I pulled out the trunk Diana woke up. Sheila told her: "It's all right, darling. We just want Daddy's coat. He's going flying"

Johnnie lived for women and war. And one of those

asked the sergeant: "Has he done any operations since he came here?"

He shook his head. "Not that I know about. Anything like that would go to Devonport."

I was worried. "Look, Sergeant," I said. "What do you really think about all this?"

"I don't like it," he said flatly. "I don't think he wants to do a fractured skull—at the Lewis River or anywhere else."

I looked up, and the sky was blue to the west right down to the horizon, with every promise of a brilliantly fine day. I made up my mind. "I'll fly him in," I said. "I'll land him if I can and get back here as quick as I can. While I'm away, we'll try to get Doctor Parkinson here, and if it keeps fine then I'll make a second trip and fly him in as well."

"Aye," said the sergeant, "that's a good idea."

The aerodrome at Buxton is a grass field about six hundred yards square. Monkhouse had the Auster ready. I did three practice landings, then went back to the police station. It was a few minutes after half past eight, and Hobart was already speaking to Mrs. Hoskins at the Lewis River. Dr. Turnbull was there, dressed and looking very sour.

The loudspeaker was saying: "Well, it's a lovely day here now, Hobart. The sun's shining and everything. The wind's still strong, though."

The doctor said: "It's a job that needs some help, somebody who knows what to do. The district nurse wouldn't be able to land like that. . . . There just isn't anyone round here."

"How would it be if I asked Hobart to fly Doctor Parkinson up here? By the time I get back he might be here, and then, if it's still clear, I could fly him in to help you."

His face lightened. I knew what he was thinking, as well as if he had told me, that in that case Parkinson would do the operation.

I took the microphone, and told Hobart what we wanted. Then I asked to speak to Mrs. Hoskins. I told her that we were coming and asked her to pick a soft spot of turf beside the airstrip and pin a sheet down on it with stones, so that we could see where to drop.

Then I handed the microphone back to the sergeant, and we were ready to go. The doctor had a medium-sized fibre suitcase with him, heavily laden. He was wearing a woollen overcoat but underneath that he wore ski-ing trousers and ski boots, with a roll-necked sweater.

We left the police station and drove out to the aerodrome again with the ground engineer. I took the doctor to the aircraft and sat him in it with the suitcase on his knee, strapping him in with the safety belt.

In the air it was very bumpy, of course. The doctor sat gripping his suitcase, tense and obviously anxious. Then he said: "You know, this is the first time I've ever been up."

I was startled. I suppose I should have thought of that. I dared not weaken him with any sympathy, however. "You've missed a lot," I said.

It got bitterly cold. I had my leather coat and helmet and a muffler and even so I was cold. In his normal overcoat the doctor must have been much colder.

Over Macquarie Harbour I started to let down and it got warmer. At last Turnbull saw the house, and pointed it out to me. It was a white wooden building. As we circled round a woman came out on the step and waved to us.

Then I saw the wreckage of the Auster Pascoe had flown in, and that led me to the airstrip. Used as I was to proper runways, I could hardly believe my eyes at first. It was no better than a little bit of cart track that led nowhere.

I went up again and circled round. The woman was putting up a windsock on a little flagstaff. When she got it up, it stood out stiff and horizontal from the mast, making an angle of about seventy degrees to the strip.

She was now laying a sheet out upon the ground, pinning it down with stones. I turned to the doctor. "I'm going to do a dummy run over that sheet," I said. "Don't put the suitcase out this time. Next time."

I took a longer run-up the second time round, to give him plenty of time. He got the door open a bit and seemed to have some trouble with it; it was hinged at the front side, of course, and for the first time a doubt flitted through my mind. It seemed to require a good deal of pushing to get it open, and, when the trailing edge was standing a few inches proud, the effect on the machine was very noticeable. However, he got the suitcase down on to the sill.

I brought her in slowly. When we were fifty yards from the sheet and about four feet up I shouted: "Shove it out now!"

He had a great struggle to do so. Finally he managed to get it out; it fell on the low scrub a hundred yards beyond the sheet. I shoved the throttle forwards and went up again.

He looked down at it as we circled round. "I think it fell pretty soft," he said.

I was very worried about the door now. "I'm going to make another dummy run," I said. As I approached the strip that lay crossways before me I brought her in more and more slowly. Five feet . . . three feet . . . one foot up; we crossed the near edge of the strip and I put her on the ground, throttled a bit more and put the stick forward a little. We were motionless on the ground now, with the tail well up and a good bit of engine power. I shouted: "All right, try that door!"

He lifted the catch and shoved it open. The blast of the slipstream was strong upon it. I shot a glance at him as he struggled. With one hand he could only open it a few inches; with both hands only an inch or two more. With a sick feeling in my throat I realized that we were up against something I had not reckoned on.

When we were well up and circling, I sat there weighing up the position. There was a red lever at the door hinge; it was there for the purpose of jettisoning the door as an emergency exit. If I pulled that down, the hinge pins would be withdrawn and the door would fall out and fly away.

Would the Auster fly safely without the door in place? With the door removed, a great blast of air would come into the cabin as I flew, building up a pressure. I turned and scrutinized the structure behind me. The big sheet of transparent plastic that roofed the rear end of the cabin might well go and take with it the fabric covering of the rear fuselage. The cover of the fin might go. I did not think that the machine would be unflyable, but it might be very much damaged.

The doctor said: "It's sitting like this makes it difficult to shove it open. I think if I put my backside against it I could squeeze through."

"All right," I said. "Let's try it. But be ready to hang on and get back into the machine if I tell you. I shan't be able to stay down on the ground for very long."

Things were getting dangerous. I was asking a lot of this young doctor, though perhaps he didn't know it. I could quite easily kill him.

Five feet—slower now—three feet—it was bumpier than ever. A little slower—one foot—and she was down. I shouted: "Try it now!"

He forced his body backwards and opened the door; put his left leg down and found the step. The effect on the machine was very bad. He forced the door still farther open with his backside, searching for the ground with his right foot.

Then the gust came, lifting the machine. There was only one thing to do then and that was to go off again. The doctor was half out of the machine, his stomach on the doorsill, but he still had his left foot on the outside step. I said as quietly as I could: "Get back in again."

I flew on straight towards the sea, heading into wind at a low altitude, flying as slowly as I dared to make less pressure on the door. The machine handled like a pig, the door held wedged well open by his body. I shot a glance forward, and then leaned across him and forced the door open with my right hand, freeing his legs. He managed to struggle back.

"You all right?" I asked.

"*I'm* all right," he said. "I could have got out easily but for this damn door."

A shadow passed across the machine and it grew suddenly cold. I glanced at my watch and was surprised to see how late it was. I knew we must be on our way back to Buxton, or we wouldn't have the fuel to get there.

I set a course for Buxton, angry and mortified, feeling that I had failed. . . .

Monkhouse, the ground engineer, came up to the machine as I opened the cabin door on my side to get out. "No go?" he inquired.

I shook my head. "With the slipstream on the door the doctor couldn't get out."

"You didn't jettison the door?"

I shook my head. "I thought of that, but I didn't like to try it. Tell me, will these things fly without the door in place?"

"'Course they will," he said. "It's an airworthiness requirement for all sorts of aircraft. Anything that can be jettisoned, the aeroplane's got to fly safely without it."

I got out of the machine in silence. I had never had to fly an aeroplane with an escape hatch open, and I had never bothered my head about it: I should have done, perhaps. Because I hadn't, Johnnie Pascoe now might die.

I walked round the machine to where the doctor was getting out. "Mr. Monkhouse tells me this machine will fly all right without the door in place," I said. "Would you be willing to go out again, at once, and have another stab at it?"

"You mean, take the door right off?"

I nodded. "I'm afraid it may be cold."

"I don't mind that. . . ." He looked up at me. "We'll have to be quick, though, won't we? Because of the weather?"

This time it was bad in the air. The cloud forced us lower and lower. It began to rain, and I never found the Lewis River for sure. The young doctor suggested that I put him down on the beach. It was a brave gesture. I should be leaving him stranded in quite uninhabited country in the worst weather with no provisions or equipment at all. That wasn't practical. The only thing was to give it up again.

When we got back to Buxton, the Proctor had arrived. Monkhouse told me that Dr. Parkinson had gone in with his pilot to the police station to speak on the radio. And that they'd started a ground party to walk in over the mountains.

"Do you want to try again?" I asked the young doctor. "Doctor Parkinson's in Buxton."

"He'd be much better at dealing with a fractured skull than I would," he said. "He's had much more experience. But I'd be quite willing to try again, as far as the flying goes." He smiled. "I've got a sort of thing about this now," he said. "I want to see it through."

I nodded. "So do I. I'll have to get my head down for a bit, though, before going out again. We'll find out what the met has to say, and then go for the next clear patch. I suppose I can get into the hotel?"

Monkhouse rubbed his chin. "I don't know that you can. Doctor Parkinson and his pilot—they've each got a room. And then there's the lady."

"What lady?" I asked.

"A lady came just after you took off," he said. "A Mrs. Forbes. Something to do with Captain Pascoe, I think. She flew across to Launceston from Melbourne first thing this

morning, and got a taxi here. She's going to stay at the hotel too."

"Is she a relation?" I asked.

"I don't know that," he said. He paused. "The best thing you can do is go to Captain Pascoe's house. He wouldn't mind. Mrs. Lawrence'll fix you up something to eat. She does for Captain Pascoe—lives next door. I'll take you there."

Mrs. Lawrence was a fat, comfortable woman. "I think he's got some bacon and eggs in the house," she said. "I could come over in a minute and do that." She took a key down from a nail over the sink and gave it to me. "That's the back door key."

Monkhouse drove the car on to the town with the doctor, and I went over to the other house. It seemed chilly and unlived in. I went through into the lounge and lit the fire.

My flying was over for the day; I started to look around for a drink. I hadn't far to look; there was a corner cupboard in the sitting-room with three unopened bottles of Scotch in it, and one half empty. Glass in hand, standing by the fire, warm and comfortable for the first time that day, I had leisure to examine the room.

It was a pilot's room, the walls covered with photographs of a long flying life. On the wall above the mantelpiece was a wooden propeller with queer, curved blades. There were little bits of aeroplane all over the place, most of them old and quite unfamiliar to me. On the wall over the cupboard that housed the whisky there was a studio photograph of a very pretty blonde girl. It was inscribed across the corner in a round, flowing hand: "For Johnnie with oceans of love, from Judy."

There were other photographs of the same girl, and of aeroplanes, all biplanes except one, which was a triplane. They all seemed to have been taken at the time of the first war. There was a very young man in the double-breasted "maternity" jacket of the Royal Flying Corps standing in front of the triplane.

Could that be Johnnie Pascoe? I moved over for a closer look, thinking of the pilot instructor who had taught me to fly nearly thirty years ago. It was Johnnie all right—a much younger man than I had known, but the same.

THERE was one of Judy driving a golf ball off the tee. The clothes were very old-fashioned. And there was a very pleasant photograph of Johnnie and Judy in front of some fighter. It was a biplane, a very small machine. He had his arm around her shoulders and they were laughing together at the camera.

There were other photographs of ancient aeroplanes, but no more of them featured the girl Judy. I poured myself another whisky and studied the portrait, wondering if that had been the marriage that went wrong. It could quite well have been; the date was about right. It was a very pretty face but rather a hard one, perhaps; the face of somebody who knew exactly where she was going.

Mrs. Lawrence called me to the kitchen for my meal. "I never saw such rain," she said. "I do hope you can get a doctor to him soon."

"One or other of us will be flying down to him the minute the weather clears," I told her.

She went away, and I sat down to eat. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and already the light was beginning to fade. Back in the sitting-room the fire was burning well. I switched on the light and stood in the warm glow, thinking now of bed. Better give the meal time to settle, however.

I lit a cigarette, and sat down in an easy chair. I glanced at the wall by my side. There was a photograph there, and after nearly thirty years my heart turned over because it was a photograph of Brenda Marshall. It was Brenda Marshall as I had known and loved her from a distance when I was a boy, when I was eighteen and she was nearly thirty.

I let the woman in out of the rain. "Let's cut this short," I said. "I'm going to bed in thirty seconds. Now who are you?"

It was taken outside the hangar at Duffington aerodrome, where I learned to fly in the same year that photograph must have been taken. She was standing beside her Moth in the white boiler suit she always flew in, smiling a little shyly.

It brought me up short, and I stood staring at it, full of sad memories. The corner of the hangar that showed just behind the Moth was the corner she had died in, on the stretcher, as I well knew. I was only eighteen at the time, and hers was the first fatal crash that I had had to do with. I stood staring at the photograph, remembering her vivacity. Brenda Marshall . . . Johnnie Pascoe must have got hold of that photograph, and he had kept it all these years. He had taught her to fly, too.

A car splashed to a standstill in the rain outside the house. I looked out of the window in the semi-darkness, and it was a taxi. A woman got out of it and spoke to the driver, who indicated my house. She pushed the gate open and came up through the neglected front garden to the door. I cursed her inwardly because I wanted to go to bed, but she knocked and rang the bell. There was nothing for it, and I went to the front door and opened it for her.

"Captain Clarke?" she asked.

I said: "Yes." I did not invite her in, though she was standing in the rain.

"I just came down to talk things over with you," she said. "I'm Marian Forbes."

She was about forty years of age. I did not move. "Is this urgent?" I inquired. "I got no sleep last night, and I'm just going to bed."

"You poor thing!" she exclaimed. "I know. I shan't keep you more than two minutes."

Very reluctantly I let her in out of the rain, and she pushed forward past me into the sitting-room. "What a lovely fire you've got!" she said, "and what a cosy room!" She took off her raincoat.

"Let's cut this short," I said. "I'm going to bed in thirty seconds. Now who are you?"

She said: "Well, I'm John Pascoe's daughter."

To be continued next week

"The Rainbow And The Rose" is abridged from the novel by Nevil Shute, which Heinemann will publish on July 28, at 16s.

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Richard Scott, who wrote this article, has spent twenty years watching history being made. Now forty-four, he has represented the "Manchester Guardian" at most of the important international conferences since the war, and has met Khruschev, Eisenhower and nearly all of the world's leaders. "Nothing seems more certain to send the world up in flames," he says, "than small, irresponsible nations with nuclear weapons of their own"

Only Britain's courage can rescue the world from . . .

The NEW atomic peril

Now there are three nuclear powers in the world—Russia, America and Britain. Only these three countries are making nuclear weapons. How soon will it be before other countries seek to join this exclusive nuclear club—and how easy will it be for them to do so?

A few weeks ago John Foster Dulles made a statement of deep significance. It received astonishingly little attention. He was talking at his regular weekly press conference in Washington, and was being asked about the possibility of the smaller powers producing their own nuclear weapons. And this is what he said:

"Today, with atomic material increasingly being used for power purposes around the world, with increasing knowledge about the art, it is no great trick [to develop nuclear weapons]. It takes some money, but almost anybody who has enough money and some reasonably educated scientists can make at least a crude atomic or nuclear weapon.

"And the crude ones are the worst from the standpoint of their damaging effect on vast masses of people."

And about three weeks later Dulles made a very similar statement in testifying before the Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy.

What Dulles was saying, in fact, was that we have to accept the horrifying prospect that very soon it will be *possible* for all but the smaller and less developed countries to manufacture their own nuclear weapons.

Is this prospect then a reality? Was Dulles justified in his warning?

The evidence overwhelmingly supports the validity of Dulles's warning. The problem of the so-called "fourth nuclear power" is a misnomer. It's no longer a question of which country will be the next to join Britain, America and Russia in the production of nuclear weapons. The problem is how many countries are going to try to join the race.

And it's a very real and a very urgent problem. The scientists and technicians I consulted made it clear that it was possible *now*, not only in theory but also in practice, for at least half a dozen countries to begin building up a nuclear weapons industry.

Enough information has been published to enable any skilled nuclear physicist, given enough money and industrial equipment, to build a nuclear bomb eventually.

If a country has an atomic energy industry devoted to peaceful purposes—for the generation of power—it must at the same time produce plutonium capable of being turned into nuclear weapons.

At the moment the only use to which this plutonium can be put is the manufacture of nuclear weapons. Otherwise it has to be stockpiled in the expectation that means will be found—as they probably will very soon—for employing plutonium itself as a fuel for power-producing reactors.

For every kilogramme of enriched uranium used in a reactor about .7 kilogrammes of plutonium is produced. About five kilogrammes of plutonium are needed to make a bomb. The plutonium produced by a reactor using uranium for power purposes is not the most efficient for weapons purposes, but the point is that it could be so used.

To put it simply, if it is going to produce the quality of plutonium best suited to weapons production, the uranium should be baked in the reactor for a shorter time than is necessary for producing power.

Time is a major factor in the production of nuclear weapons. A nation which decided today to start the process of manufacturing its own nuclear weapons without outside assistance, either technical assistance or the purchase abroad of nuclear reactors or fissile materials, would take about four years to produce its first effective atom bomb.

To produce a hydrogen bomb would be a far more costly, difficult and lengthy process, and this article is only concerned with the feasibility of producing some sort of elementary atomic bomb.

The world's first atomic bomb took about five years to build, because every stage in its development had been dependent on original research and experimentation. Inevitably, much time and effort and money had been wasted. This need not be the case today when so much of the technical information has become public property.

There is, however, one device in the construction of an atomic bomb which appears to have been kept secret—the detonator mechanism. But an expert has assured me

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WILL

In a New York penthouse a group of scriptwriters sat around in a state of stupefied exhaustion. They had to start work on a new edition of a television show that had run for several years, and in that period the stars, Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, had utilized almost every known comic situation. The scriptwriters felt mentally used-up.

When Caesar himself appeared, his habitually gloomy face was grey with strain. He had been rehearsing for nine hours a day over a long period. Nobody spoke. Caesar prowled about the room nervously. "Have you ever watched a fly?" he asked abruptly after a few minutes. The scriptwriters raised lack-lustre eyes. "I just watched a fly," Caesar said. "I watched it on a crumb of cheese."

Still nobody spoke.

"Look," Caesar said. "It was like this. It kept hopping on this bit of cheese. It was gloating. It was saying 'It's mine—all mine.' Can't you see this fly?"

Before their eyes the thirteen-stone man became a fly. He crossed and recrossed his hands, fingers waving. He moved with quick, light, jerky stiffness. He crawled along the wall.

The scriptwriters watched with disbelieving fascination. "You'd never get away with it on television," one said at last, gloomily. "You'd have to maintain the spot as a separate act for five or six minutes. You'd never do it."

"I could," Caesar said. "I really could. I could be a fly for several minutes. I *am* a fly. Watch me."

In the television show that week, Caesar was a fly. He was a fly for nine whole minutes. Several bits of business had been introduced into the spot. In one of them, buzzing past a poster that read *Powerful DDT Kills Flies Instantly*, Caesar paused, shook his head slowly and said softly to the television camera: "My, there is an awful lot of hatred in the world."

That line almost stopped the show. Until then, as with many Sid Caesar shows, the audience had been more disturbed than amused, not knowing whether to laugh or to stay silent. With this line, their laughter swamped the microphones, almost hysterical in its intensity. The scriptwriters, the producer, the sponsor of the show, all sighed with relief. The incalculable Caesar had done it again.

Caesar's curious humour, which seems to owe

Caesar attempts to relax at his home. He hopes to make a comeback on British television—and is said to be getting £2,000 a show for trying

YOUR LAUGHTER SAVE CAESAR?

As a highbrow lunatic Sid Caesar was the great success of American TV—and then he flopped. Now he's in Britain to see if you're smart enough to like him

by ROY FOLEY

Imogene Coca plays Caesar's girl in the new show. For a time he refused to have her in his act

as much to tragedy as to comedy, has always balanced on a razor's edge. For several years, aided by Imogene Coca, a tiny, pixie-ish comedienne, he maintained his balance, earning both himself and Miss Coca a fortune and the programme an unbeaten audience rating. Twenty million viewers regularly switched on to watch them. Then suddenly he fell. The audience shrank to below six millions and the sponsor withdrew his backing.

Nobody could explain the fall, although some critics said that Caesar's clowning had become too brilliant, and had gone over the heads of American viewers. This may have been true. Though he has never cracked a joke in his life, Caesar is recognized to be one of the great comedians of his age. But like Chaplin, to whom he bears no physical resemblance, he is an introspective genius, given to moods of deep dejection which sometimes show through his television performances, with disturbing effects on the audience.

Even his triumphs seem to scare him. At the end of one of his best performances his chief scriptwriter, Mel Tolkin, enthused: "Great, Sid. . . . Just wonderful!" Caesar cringed visibly. "Don't talk so loud," he said, "Luck might hear you."

In a thoughtful moment before he left America for Britain and a thirteen-week series of programmes on B.B.C. television, Caesar said that perhaps his style of humour was more akin to British taste than to American. It could have been a shrewd, publicity-conscious remark, but if so it was out of character. More likely it was the bewildered reaction of a man finding himself simultaneously hailed as the outstanding genius of American TV and one of the monumental flops of all time.

For Caesar and Imogene Coca, Britain may be a haven in which to ride out the inexplicable storm that has hit them. But for all that, the B.B.C. is not getting the pair cheaply. For each half-hour programme, the stars will reputedly share £3,500 between them. The money is calculated to buy for viewers some prime examples of domestic and zany humour.

In their heyday the pair portrayed a married couple, Caesar an anxious-to-please husband, Imogene Coca a nagging, suspicious wife. In one sketch Caesar made a series of absurd excuses to get out of the house so that he could sneak a few holes of golf. Hurrying to the course, he became involved in a series of dispiriting incidents climaxed by a thunderstorm which left him drenched to the skin. Racing home, conscience-stricken, to the neglected wife he imagined slaving at the sink, he found her cosily engaged with a former suitor who had dropped in for cocktails.

Within the framework of bickering domesticity they rang innumerable changes of situation, often doing "let's pretend" sketches. In one, as a pair of poverty-stricken English blue-bloods, they valiantly held back the onrushing tide of bankruptcy and decay.

Dressed to the nines (he wearing the Order of the Garter on his chest) they entertained a couple of guests in their ancestral castle. While rainwater poured steadily on to them through the roof, they sipped tea and chatted delicately, the men trying to keep soggy cigars alight.

In another sketch, Caesar played Samson to Imogene's Delilah. While Samson reclined on a bear-skin eating a bunch of grapes, Delilah sheared him with a pair of pinking shears, tickling him into paroxysms of laughter.

Some of their most hilarious sketches showed them using invisible props. As the Hickenlooper family they went out for the day in an invisible car with their fifteen invisible children. As a couple mad on music they played the 1812 Overture, Caesar, on invisible drums, trying to outdo Imogene Coca, on invisible bells.

Such miming, which lay at the heart of their curious appeal, brought wide praise from even highbrow critics, and began to occupy more and more time in the show. They worked out individual spots for themselves, each combining a poignant blend of comedy and pathos.

In one spot Caesar, pretending to be a fish, pleaded with the angler who had caught him: "Throw me back. You have everything. You are rich. All I need is a little water. Throw me back." In other shows he has played the parts

Continued on page 24

Routine and respectable—

that was Mr. Piper's bachelor

life. He seemed the perfect

man to do the perfect murder

ILLUSTRATED BY
BATCHELOR

ACCOUNT CLOSED

by JAY WILSON

MURDER is often a boomerang. Mr. Piper was aware of this. He had considered the risks most carefully; because murder seemed to be the quickest, easiest and really the safest solution to a problem which had become more urgent during the past few years.

At fifty-five, Mr. Piper was nearing retirement. On the surface he was an affable little man who looked some years younger than his age. He appeared so because he had lived a pleasant life. A bachelor, he kept a small cellar, enjoyed the theatre, played golf at weekends and lived in a modest but comfortable service flat.

A man who had only himself to consider could afford these little pleasures and luxuries, even on a bank clerk's salary. But, of course, they took all of that salary.

His pleasures and comforts had become a habit. Mr. Piper had long regarded them as no more than a reasonable compensation for the monotony of a banking career which had reached its zenith at a considerably lower altitude than he had once anticipated. His problem was to ensure the continuance of these pleasures by obtaining funds to supplement the inadequate pension which would shortly be his sole means of support.

Mr. Piper had often considered using some of the bank's money to make quick little profits on the stock market, with no harm done as long as he returned what he had borrowed before it was missed. If he made enough quick profits, he would accumulate some capital which, in turn, could be speculated into further capital until there was enough to spread out over the years, over and above his pension, to make the difference between survival and a life worth living. But the thought of bank inspectors had always deterred him.

Murder, as a safer solution, occurred to Mr. Piper after George Mansell opened a current account at the bank and began making heavy deposits and withdrawals.

Mansell's mistake was in taking a contemptuous liking to Mr. Piper and talking too much. This was because the calculating meanness of Mr. Piper's inner being did not show through his pleasant, timid exterior, and because during business hours Mansell could not afford to like anyone, and the less he said the better.

It would have shaken what little trust Mansell had in mankind to have known that Mr. Piper came to view him with cold objectivity as no more than the means for Mr. Piper's old-age comfort.

It was believed at the bank that Mansell was a successful dealer in expensive motor-cars. Mr. Piper became quickly aware of the pattern of his withdrawals and deposits. The withdrawals were usually just before bank-closing time on Friday afternoons, when Mansell would cash a cheque for £1,500 or £2,000. The deposits were usually made on Monday mornings and averaged more than the withdrawals.

"You gave me all new fivers last Friday," Mansell said one Monday morning. "They kept sticking together and I was staking more than I intended. Always give me used notes."

Mr. Piper looked across the counter at the tall, expensively-suited, too-cultured young man. "You are a gambler?" he inquired.

Mansell's bland features became animated in a superior grin. "Only technically. Gamblers are people who risk money on cards. I don't risk money. I—well, put it this way—I know the cards. Others do the risking. I play purely friendly, private games, you understand. That's just between you and me, of course."

Mr. Piper looked a little shocked and very impressed. Mansell, unfortunately for himself, continued to think of Mr. Piper as a shockable, impressionable little man—and he continued to talk. Successful, he needed to boast a little.

"My secret is simplicity itself," he said. "I keep alert. I don't drink and I always have five hours' sleep before I touch a card on Saturday evenings."

The thought of killing Mansell was born of and fed by envy. Mr. Piper watched Mansell's account grow. Here was a young man who was easily and steadily building a small fortune, while he, Piper, after more than thirty years of exemplary service, handling more money than Mansell dreamed of, would soon be retired on a meagre pension.

He began to wonder how long Mansell's luck would hold out. How long would it be before somebody, tired of being robbed by Mansell, decided to rob Mansell in turn?

Once born, it was a thought that would not die. Nor did Mr. Piper want it to. Rather, he nourished it as he sat in his chair of an evening, sipping Scotch and soda. An extra couple of thousand pounds would not entirely solve his retirement problem, but it would enable him to continue his pleasant way of living for quite a number of years.

To get the money in the first place, of course, he would have to get rid of Mansell. A prime consideration was whether or not he could safely do this. Could he, for instance, gain access to Mansell's flat while he was resting before a game?

Mr. Piper found himself inspecting Mansell's flat. It was part of a featureless, modern, yellow-brick building just off the Bayswater Road. The front door seemed more or less permanently open, revealing a small foyer where nobody seemed to be in charge. Between six thirty and half past seven scarcely anyone went in or out. Presumably between those hours most of the inhabitants were dining.

Mr. Piper crossed the street and entered the foyer. George Mansell was listed as occupying a second-floor flat. A lift descended, a man emerged and hurried out into the street, not looking at Mr. Piper. The tenants evidently took little or no notice of one another. Entrance and exit could be safely made.

The plan grew as Mr. Piper sat in his rooms and sipped his good Scotch. Certain things were in his favour. Mansell regarded him as merely a harmless little clerk. That was important. It would never occur to the gambler to be on his guard against him. He would believe any plausible excuse Mr. Piper might make to come up and see him. Mr. Piper would know when to strike. It would be after Mansell had made one of his larger withdrawals.

Mr. Piper possessed a small pistol smuggled home from Germany after the war by a cousin. After the cousin's death, Mr. Piper had helped himself to it. Nobody else knew of its existence. Fired while thrust hard against Mansell, it would make very little noise. Later it could be dropped into the Thames.

There would be any number of far more logical suspects in the gambling fraternity than a respectable senior bank employee with over thirty years of impeccable service. The police would work their way through all Mansell's dubious acquaintances and finally put the case aside. In time, it would be forgotten.

THE other side of the coin appeared to offer few risks. There was a minimum chance of being seen entering or leaving—or, if seen, of being later identified. A killer not associated with the bank would not bother to remove any cheque books or statements connecting Mansell with the bank. Therefore Mr. Piper had better leave any such records to be found. It meant the police would quickly find out that Mr. Piper knew about the cash Mansell had withdrawn but which was missing when Mansell was found. But, after all, how could he help knowing, as he had known about Mansell's many previous withdrawals?

It would be best to play this straight. There must be no manufactured alibi. If questioned, he would simply claim to have been at home reading a book—an innocent man against whom nothing could be proved. In those circumstances a weakness or two in his position would actually turn into strengths.

The important thing was to be able to weather any routine questioning without strain; to be able to answer truthfully to everything except the one simple lie—that he had been at home.

Then there was the matter of what to do with the money. Mr. Piper pondered this carefully. A safe deposit box in a suburban bank seemed the best bet. It should be arranged in advance, of course. He could quietly open a small savings account and, under those cordial conditions, hire a box without being questioned or thought about. He would not touch the money until after retirement.

That left only the problem of what to do with the money until he could get it to the safe deposit box. If the big event took place on a Saturday

evening, he would be unable to get the money to its hiding place until Monday morning. But it would be highly important that he be at work promptly on Monday morning as he had been for years. Any deviation could be suspect when related to other factors.

He would have to wait to get to his suburban bank. In fact, there was the possibility that he might have to wait several days. If that were the case, it would also be dangerous to hide a parcel containing many hundreds of bank notes unguarded in his flat.

Mr. Piper chuckled and had another drink when he thought of the solution to this final problem. Placed in his cash drawer at the bank amid all the money he collected and paid out in the course of a day, his "windfall" would become virtually invisible. Later, he would get it off to the waiting safe deposit box.

Mr. Piper was fascinated by his plan; it was so simple.

Two weeks later Mansell made a larger withdrawal than usual. The cheque he pushed across the counter toward Mr. Piper was for £2,800. Mr. Piper stared at it.

Mansell smiled. "That still leaves a couple of hundred in the account. I'll have it in the usual fivers, please."

As he complied, Mr. Piper knew the big moment had come.

At precisely six thirty the following evening he pressed the buzzer button to Mansell's flat. Presently Mansell's voice spoke sleepily from the foyer speaker. "Yes? Who is it?"

"Piper. You know, Piper from the bank. I hate to bother you, but I've got to see you for a moment."

"Piper? Bank? Oh, yes. What's the matter?"

"I think I overpaid you yesterday afternoon. Can I please come up and verify? I—I'm short in my cash tally. Nothing like this has ever happened to me before. It would set my mind at rest if——"

"Of course, Mr. Piper. Come up."

Mr. Piper walked along the corridor from the self-operated lift. There had been neither sight nor sound of a living soul except Mansell since he entered the building.

Mansell was waiting at the front door of his flat, wearing a flamboyant dressing-gown, looking a little dishevelled but perfectly self-possessed. He seemed slightly amused by his visitor's anxious expression.

"Come on in, Piper," he said cordially. "Now what's all this about over-paying me?"

"I—I must have put in one packet of five pound notes too many. At least, that seems to be the only explanation. I can't think how I came to. . . ."

Mansell slipped an arm around Mr. Piper's soft shoulders. "Well, now, don't let it get you down. We'll just count the packets and see, shall we?"

Nobody saw Mr. Piper leave. He left Mansell dead with two bullets through his upper spine. There had been hardly any sound; only a grunt of surprise when Mr. Piper pressed the little pistol hard into Mansell's back; then two muffled reports.

Back in his own flat, he put the pistol and the brown-paper package of money in his dressing-table drawer. He didn't bother to count the money. He knew it was all there. He needed a drink. A stiff one. He poured it and collapsed into his favourite chair. . . .

He awakened the next morning sprawled across his bed, still fully dressed. His head ached horribly, but a bath and a change of clothes soon revived him. After a frugal breakfast of toast and tea he took the pistol, made his way by a devious route to a quiet bridge over the Thames and tossed it into the water.

On his way home he bought a paper. The death was reported briefly on an inner page. George Mansell had been found shot in his flat the previous evening. There were no other details.

Mr. Piper put down the paper and picked up a book. The thing to do was to get back into his normal weekend routine. . . .

Mr. Piper had not the slightest difficulty in slipping the dead man's money in among the bank's money in his cash drawer on Monday morning. And nobody at the bank, it seemed, had noted the item about Mansell in the paper.

Detective-Sergeant Henderson arrived as the doors opened for the day's business. A few minutes later Mr. Piper was summoned to the manager's office. The manager, Mr. Farnsworth, had the slightly dazed look of a sea captain whose command had just stove in her bow on a submerged derelict. He waved to the burly man seated in the chair beside his desk.

"Piper, this is Sergeant Henderson. Police. It—it seems that one of our clients has been murdered."

Sergeant Henderson acknowledged Mr. Piper with a nod. If there were a crucial moment, Mr. Piper thought, this would be it.

He could tell nothing from Henderson's expressionless features. He felt the palms of his hands become slightly moist. He forced himself to return the policeman's steady gaze for a moment, then turned to Mr. Farnsworth. The truth, he reminded himself; only one small lie, and he was safe.

"Yes, sir, I read it in the paper, yesterday. I was just about to come in and tell you about it when you sent for me."

"What we found," Sergeant Henderson said, "was a cheque book issued by this bank. The last stub showed that Mansell cashed a cheque here on Friday afternoon for two thousand, eight hundred pounds."

Mr. Piper assumed a bewildered, horrified expression. "What a dreadful business. Yes, he cashed a cheque for that amount on Friday. I attended to him myself."

Sergeant Henderson sighed. "Well, at least we can establish that he left here on Friday afternoon with nearly three thousand in cash on him." He looked at Mr. Piper. "At the moment you're the only one we know who knew he had it."

This was it! Mr. Piper stiffened with a show of indignation. "Well! I could hardly be expected not to know, could I? I also know of several other depositors who left the bank with considerable amounts in cash."

Sergeant Henderson raised a large, placating hand. "Nothing personal, Mr. Piper. It's my job to collect the facts, that's all. Would you care to tell me where you were on Saturday evening, say between six and ten?"

"At home, reading a book."

"Really, officer," Farnsworth protested, "Piper has been with this bank for more than thirty years. He has an impeccable record. He will retire on a good pension. Of course he knew this man had that money, but, from what you tell me, Mansell had a great many dubious acquaintances. Surely you have a whole world of more likely suspects than Piper here?"

Sergeant Henderson nodded. "We have a great many inquiries to make of a great many of Mr. Mansell's friends." He got up. "I won't keep you any longer. Of course, I shall have to call back later and take a statement from Mr. Piper. I can show myself out."

And that was that, Mr. Piper thought jubilantly. The police would potter around among Mansell's associates until they got tired of it.

The thing was to act out the part of bewildered innocence until the inquiry was dropped. He must get the incriminating money removed from his desk to the safe deposit box the moment he could be sure of doing so unobserved. In the meantime he must behave calmly, but not too calmly. To appear totally unruffled at the moment might seem out of character.

Conscious of Farnsworth's eyes on him, he sat down heavily in the chair the police sergeant had vacated.

"Are you all right, Piper?" The manager came and stood over him awkwardly.

"A little—odd, sir. It's so strange—to be mixed up in something like this. To think that a man I spoke to under this very roof three days ago should be dead the same evening—and murdered!"

He put his head in his hands; then, conscious that he was in danger of over-acting his distress, made to get up. But Farnsworth gently pushed him down again.

"You sit there for a bit. You're looking quite white, Piper. I shan't be a moment."

Left on his own, Mr. Piper sat, head in hand, making rapid calculations. The money might have to remain in his desk for two weeks, perhaps even three, before he could risk taking it to the safe deposit. To move it too quickly might entail being followed by the police. Might they not assign a man to shadow every suspect for days to come? He had only a vague notion of how the police worked, but it was best to take no chances. And the money was safe enough where it was.

He heard Farnsworth return and looked up to see the manager take a glass and bottle from the top shelf of the cupboard behind his desk.

"Drink this. It'll buck you up." Farnsworth held out the glass of sherry to him, his face kindly, solicitous. "No, don't move. It's probably a touch of shock and overwork. Sit still for a while, and then I suggest you take the morning off and see how you feel after lunch."

He patted Piper on the shoulder. "There's no hurry. I've moved Harper to your till. He's checking your cash now." THE END

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Cooking Song

Some folk are poets
  But not with words
Of love and flowers
  And clouds and birds,
But kitchen poets
  Whose cooking sings
Of oranges, lemons,
  And spicy things;
Of rosemary, parsley,
  Basil, chives—
Herbs that are household words
  To wives,
With names that Shakespeare
  Loved to write.
And Samarkand beckons
  Humming-bird bright
In cloves and cinnamon,
  Nutmeg, mace . . .
Some might think
  A kitchen no place
To look for a poet—
  But O how wrong!
Puff pastry's a poem
  And soufflé a song.

MARGARET RHODES

Forbes Carlile (right) times a trial. Left to right: Terry Gathercole, and Brian Wilkinson, who are competing in the Empire Games, and Warren Barr

Champions in a trance

by HARRY COX

Forbes Carlile's swimmers streak to victory and never give losing a thought. They can't

FORBES CARLILE, the brisk, black-browed thirty-seven year old coach of Australia's team of eighteen swimmers for the Empire Games at Cardiff this month, took aside one of his distance swimmers, Gary Winram, before a trial at a Sydney pool and said:

"Now as soon as you hit the water, I want you to remember what I told you—that there is a sixteen-foot shark just at the back of you. It's a grey nurse, and it's fast. It's a man-eater. Now don't forget, son, that shark is right behind you every yard of the way. I want you to think of that and nothing else. Okay?"

Gary Winram, pursued by a fast phantom shark, swam his best 1,650 yards—in 18 min. 14 sec., close enough to world record time to put him in Australia's team for Cardiff.

Forbes Carlile's success in the mental conditioning of Australia's champion swimmers has enabled them to set up twenty-seven world records. His psychological spurs are sometimes sharks, sometimes crocodiles, but sometimes the insinuation, under hypnosis, of a new and effortless capacity for speed.

Strangely enough, this revolutionary who uses the mind to master the swimming body was originally trained in physiology, not psychology. He was a Master of Science at Sydney University, and lectured there on physiology until three years ago, when he set up as a new type of scientific swimming coach, with his headquarters at the Drummoyne pool.

It was while he was still lecturing on physiology five years ago that Forbes Carlile studied psychology, learned the technique of hypnotism and began to discover how a mental state could make a good swimmer a world-beater.

Swimmers have to be tough. Carlile tests young Lesley Wilson, a backstroke record-breaker, on his try-your-strength machine

Carlile's methods vary, but the commonest in his normal coaching has been to gather his swimmers in his office, see them sitting comfortably in easy chairs, and induce in them a receptive condition of semi-hypnotic drowsiness. Then he says:

"Now, what I'd like you to keep in mind is that you can swim faster than you ever swam before. I know that is true. It is not merely theory. It is a fact that you will discover yourself. All you've got to do is to take the mental brakes off. Stop worrying about whether you'll tire or lose pace. You won't tire. Just let yourself go, and you'll find yourself swimming fast without the slightest strain. The farther you go, the faster you'll swim."

Carlile never allows a swimmer to race hypnotized, because he has found that it merely incites a kind of sluggish imitation of speed, but not speed itself.

In the New South Wales championships in 1955 he hypnotized a young breaststroke swimmer, Gueko Zweep, half an hour before his race. As it was Zweep's first championship swim, Forbes Carlile thought he would be better in a deep sleep than wide awake and vulnerable to worry and fear. So, after conditioning Zweep mentally for the race, he left him, limp as a sack, in the boiler-room of the Sydney Olympic Pool.

As the competitors for the breaststroke final were being called to the blocks, Carlile was whistling jauntily as he climbed the diving tower to give a description of the race.

One finalist, noticing that Zweep was missing, ran to the boiler-room and began shaking him and pummelling him. It was useless.

MEANWHILE, Carlile suddenly stopped his whistling as he realized that he had forgotten his pupil. He half clambered, half fell, down the tower, ran into the boiler-room and released Zweep from his trance. The boy shook himself and walked out, now thoroughly aroused and eager after his rest. He won the race easily.

In the Australian championships in Adelaide in 1955, Forbes Carlile hypnotized three swimmers, emphasized their superior speed, snapped them out of it just before the race, and then stood by to watch all of them win.

One distance swimmer, Murray Rose, a 1956 Olympic champion, found that a long swim gave him pains in the chest. Forbes hypnotized him and assured him that he would feel no pain. After his next long-distance race, Forbes Carlile said to him:

"How did you feel, Murray? Any chest pains?"

"Didn't feel a thing," said Rose. "It was

Continued on page 29

House of my childhood

by BRIAN CLEEVE

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

Ruined he was—he who had lived like a lord. Then along came the dazzling Mairead; rich, beautiful . . . and unsuspecting

SHE was tall and fair, and as beautiful as the sunlight walking. "Kevin," she said. "Dear old Kevin, don't you recognize me?"

I just stood there in the street and stared at her, and I know it was a long time before I remembered to take off my hat. And then, very slowly, through the distance of seven years, I did remember her. Mairead O'Brien.

Mairead. But not like this. I remembered her in a tweed skirt and a torn jersey fighting with my brother Justin and me over who should have the crab hook next. And I remember her sodden with tears one night, when she told me that her father was dead. And because my father was dead, too, only two years earlier, I had had the right to comfort her.

We had gone down and sat in Justin's boat and watched the moon come out of the eastern sea, and I swore that I would mind and protect her for ever, and that even death should never lay hand on her again while I was near.

"We'll stay together always," I had whispered. But she never answered me, only lay close against my shoulder, and a month later she was gone, with her mother, to join an uncle in America.

That had been seven years ago. For a long time I remembered her almost every day, and once, that next Christmas, I wrote to her, and got a long letter back full of incomprehensible things about school in America.

I'd kept the letter on the shelf by my bed for months, meaning to answer it, but I never had somehow. I'm not much for writing letters, and there was so much happening in our own lives that it was difficult to think of anyone outside.

There was the auction, for instance, when all the good furniture and most of the pictures went. And then the maids going, and the car being sold, and the horses, except for mother's. And old Paudeen, the gardener, coming into the drawing-room and saying to Mother and Justin that if so be as he could stay on living in the lodge he wouldn't be needing any wages, and him with his old age pension and his little bit from the British Navy, and how would Mr. Justin and young Mr. Kevin be managing the farm all by themselves now that the hired men were gone, unless they had himself to help them?

So I could have written and told Mairead that old Paudeen at least was still round the place. Maybe it was pride that stopped me, although I never thought of it like that. It was always Justin that had the pride. For nearly a year after the car and the horses went he wouldn't go down to the village because it meant going on foot.

And now here I was standing like a lout in front of Mairead, with my mouth open and my cap in hand, as if I'd never seen a beautiful woman before in my life.

"Poor Kevin," she said. "You haven't changed a scrap. Have I?"

"God," said I, "wait till Justin sees you." And I put my arm round her waist and began taking her up the hill half at a run.

"Kevin," she said, still laughing, but with a touch in her voice that made me drop my hand, "don't be so impatient. How can I go up to your house looking like this? What would your mother say—if I paid my first visit to her in a sun-dress?"

"Mother's living in London now," I said. That was the last of the happenings that I had never written to Mairead. For a long time Mother had stuck it out, and then one Christmas she had said she couldn't bear it any longer, this living in an empty tomb and pretending that it would ever be full of life again, the way Justin did. "There's nobody in the house now," I said. "Only Justin and me."

At that minute the girl came down the hill, staring at Mairead and nodding at me.

"Who was that?" Mairead asked.

"Only the girl who cooks and cleans for us," I said. "Sheila O'Byrne. Don't you remember the whole tribe of them, twelve children all with runny noses and hair like birds' nests, in that cottage down by the harbour?"

"She hasn't got a runny nose now," said Mairead.

"I suppose she hasn't. But come on up and see Justin. If I tell him I met you and didn't bring you straight up to see him, he'll stretch me dead on the ground."

"He sounds as though he hasn't changed, either."

She laughed, and I felt my heart dancing to hear her as we walked on up the hill together.

"You'll see a lot of changes," I said, as we turned in past the lodge, with old Paudeen's breeches and Sunday vest hanging out to dry, and up the avenue, with last year's leaves like a damp carpet underfoot.

I knew where Justin would be. We were stripping out a dead orchard of pear trees so we could put it under wheat, and I had left him there when I went down to the village for the paper and cigarettes. As we came up the drive I could hear the ring of his axe, sharp and clear and regular in the still warmth of the air.

"Justin," I shouted, cupping my hands to my mouth. "Justin, guess who's here?"

Then we saw his white shirt sleeves, black

Horrified, I saw Mairead run from her room, her eyes blind with sleep. "Mairead!" I screamed. "Stand still. For God's sake stand still"

head, steel axe blade shining like silver as he swept it through the sunlight. He dropped the axe and came towards us at the run. He was wearing a pair of old, torn, striped trousers that had once been part of Father's morning suit, and a dress shirt with the stiff part torn out of it, but that didn't make any difference. He looked like a king out of an old story.

"This is Mairead O'Brien," I said stumblingly, but he took no more notice of me than if I were Paudeen.

"Mairead," he said. "I heard you were come back." And he put his dark hands on her white shoulders and held her at arm's length. "And you the rich heiress now, coming back to laugh at the scenes of your childhood. Ah, this is the great day. Kevin, you go down to the village again and get the makings of a real feast. This calls for a celebration. We'll need wine, and more whiskey, and caviare, and champagne, and strawberries, and half a gallon of cream . . . you know the kind of things to get. Now come and see the farm, Mairead. You'll think it looks like a wilderness, I expect, but I've only just started on it. Give me another year or two. . . ."

I walked back down the hill. On the way I met the servant girl, Sheila, bringing back a pint of milk, and I thought, as I saw her coming, that she and her errand were a symbol of our life and of its ruinous futility. Milk in a bottle when we ought to have cows of our own. A servant girl paid wages, however small, when Justin and I ought to have strong, sensible wives to work the land and care for the house alongside of us. And Justin showing a visitor round the wilderness that had once been an estate and calling it a farm, and sending me down to the village for champagne.

And he'd make this girl in front of me dress up in her patched and darned maid's uniform and serve it out of a silver-plated ice bucket; the one that he had bought in at the auction with the last three pounds he had in the world. Although I suppose I shouldn't jeer at that. I'd bought in the medals: Father's from the first World War, and Grandfather's and Great-Grandfather's —medals that O'Learys had won since there had been medals to win. Would there be any more O'Learys to finger those little crosses and discs of bronze, with their faded ribbons? Or to cool their champagne in Justin's ice bucket?

The girl looked at me in surprise, seeing me coming a second time, and I told her why and asked her to go down with me again and help me carry back the things. Caviare for Mairead. And a girl like Mairead, like a shaft of sunlight out of another world, when we ought to be thinking of strong peasant women—women like the girl beside me.

I looked sideways then at Sheila O'Byrne, and she might have been born as a contrast for Mairead: short and almost thick-set, and yet with a deep, finely shaped bust; black, curling hair that hardly ever saw a brush; her legs strong and touching the ground as though they were rooted there: her face blunt and fresh and clean and high-coloured. I laughed at the thought of Justin or me married to a girl like that.

I didn't buy all the things that Justin had mentioned, partly because we hadn't enough credit; but we had two baskets full when we were finished, and all the information I could want about Mairead.

Apparently she had arrived the night before by taxi from Cobh, where the liner from America had left her. Her mother and her uncle were dead, and she had inherited some money. "Oh, a power of money!" Dooley the grocer told me. "You wouldn't see the end of it and you with a telescope." And she was staying with Mrs. Kavanagh that kept summer visitors, and had taken three whole rooms for herself.

It must have been some rumour of all this, brought by Paudeen or Sheila, that had told Justin that Mairead was back and that she was an heiress.

I went back up the hill listening to Sheila's talk about Mairead. "That old fool Dooley," she said. "Sure, if you showed him a dollar bill he'd swear you were a millionaire. I'm sick of these ones coming back from America with big suitcases and loud talk and nothing else."

"I don't think Mairead is like that," I said, not really listening to her. I was thinking instead of the way Mairead would think of us; we that had been the great people of the district.

I remembered one time when she was ten. It was my eleventh birthday and I persuaded Mother to let me invite her to the party. She had sat all the afternoon on the edge of her chair in the big dining-room, not joining in at all. And after the first ten minutes I'd forgotten her, because I wanted to forget her. I was a bit ashamed of her, and her Kerry accent, and her painfully local party frock, among all the other children who went to school in Dublin, or England, or even France, and who had horses of their own, and houses like ours.

She slipped away before the party ended. We never spoke about it, and afterwards we played together again as we always had, but I doubted if she could have forgotten it. And now we were down and she was up, and I wondered what she was thinking.

At dinner that night I was still wondering. Justin had fetched out the remnants of the silver and the Brussels lace that mother had kept back from the auction, and some old Waterford crystal that had been too incomplete as a set to be worth selling. Half that afternoon Sheila and I had polished the dining-table until it shone like a pool of ox-blood.

For a moment, as Justin led Mairead in, and I took in old Colonel Humphreys's wife, while the colonel handed in his own plain daughter, it was like old times. As I looked at Justin, it might have been Father standing there, before the crash had made him small and bent and old. In the shadowy candlelight you couldn't see that his dinner jacket was old and shabby, and that his shirt studs were imitation pearl. You could only see the joy and pride in his eyes, and his white teeth smiling, as he looked round the room.

He seemed to grow even bigger with the seeming of wealth on the table. He had fits like this sometimes, usually at Christmas, when we'd invite what was left of the neighbouring gentry to a hunt supper or a dance, and we'd spend the next three months trying to pay for it all, or else trying to forget that it needed to be paid for.

Colonel Humphreys didn't taste champagne from one Christmas to another, and one glass of it set his eye rolling at Mairead. Not that it was much as champagne. But it was the right colour and it fizzed and sparkled and the cork hit the shadowy ceiling, and another cork, and another, until we all felt that *Tir na n'Og* was true and we were in it; heroes and princesses in the land of the ever young.

By the time we'd reached the port, Justin and I and the colonel were racing our chairs down the length of the dining-room table. And so I never found out what Mairead thought about it all until long afterwards. But I should have guessed. Because outside of Ireland people don't act like that unless they have a lot of money, or so I hear. They don't drink champagne on credit and race Sheraton chairs through a forest of Waterford glass and old Irish silver unless they're very rich.

Where Mairead came from, two breweries wouldn't have bought and furnished our house, even with the remnants that were all we had left. They would have bought a million things we never had, and could never have—television sets and refrigerators and saloon cars like speedboats and speedboats like saloon cars; clothes and jewels and new shiny things. But not our things, and the medals in my bedroom chest-of-drawers, and the avenue of limes that my great-great-great-grandfather planted when he came back from Sevastopol.

And the impression of that first evening never left Mairead until it was finally torn away. She had known us first when my father drank champagne for breakfast, and she had come back and we seemed to be just the same. All the signs of ruin: Justin working in his father's old morning trousers; the decay; the one servant girl—these things she ignored, or put down to Irishness, and held it to us for charm.

And Justin didn't understand Mairead, didn't understand the truth even when she tried to tell him. Tried to tell him that she wasn't an heiress; that in America every girl with a few dollars to spend has beautiful clothes; that she had an income, indeed, that her uncle had left her, but that it wasn't anything to burst the bank when she spent it. He couldn't understand anything except that she was beautiful and that she was rich.

He tossed his old striped trousers into the boiler and dragged out his one good tweed suit. The axe would have rusted in the orchard if I hadn't carried on the job, and it was down to the village with them or across to Valencia. He hired Dooley's old car and took her to the Limerick races, and after a week they weren't trying to understand a thing about the other, except that they loved one another.

Or what they thought was the other. She loving the famous O'Leary of O'Learystown that drank champagne for breakfast and had a million things that no American could ever have. And he loving an heiress that had the stars' beauty and the Morgans' wealth; loving a dream, the money that he had always known would come showering from the sky to put the O'Learys back where they had always been.

My heart still sings when I remember their wedding day. Justin had robbed Dublin to make it splendid. A firm of caterers who knew no more of the O'Learys than that we were a great name gave us £300 of credit. And there were tailors, and decorators. We hired servants for the day, and some for a week beforehand.

We emptied Dooley's shop, and the shops of three of the parishes round. The O'Leary was getting married, if the sky fell after it. And why should it fall? Wasn't his wife rich?

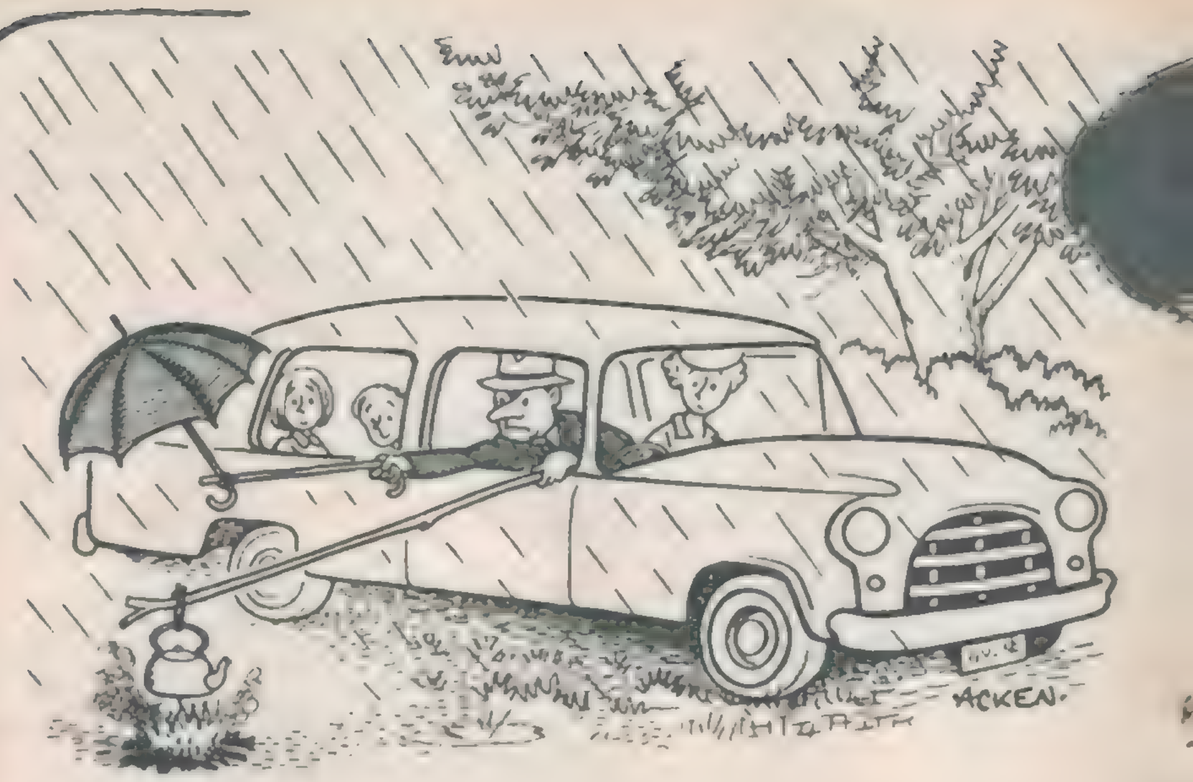
Justin looked like a great king that day, and Mairead—Mairead looked like all the fairy tales you ever read: gold hair blazing; her dress ivory satin; ivory roses fetched in late autumn from Hy Brasil or Holland, God knows where. And God knows what they cost. One thing is sure, they were never paid for.

All that night the guests danced in the house, and the village people danced on the lawns that we'd hired men to cut and shave and weed and water. There were fireworks blazing that they saw in Dingle, and a dance band from Limerick.

Weeks before the wedding I'd given up arguing, even given up worrying. Let the sky fall. When I looked at Mairead and thought that I should have the right to look at her all my life long, I thought it worth the price.

And then, two days, three days later, the wedding was over. The last O'Byrne had been picked out of the bushes and sent back down to the village. The last hired man had woken in the kitchen, and gone off without his wages. The last broken glass had been swept up by Sheila and myself, and the first of the bills were arriving, along with a postcard from Paris, from Justin and Mairead.

When they came back there was a drawer full of bills in the big roll-top desk in Justin's study. He opened the drawer, and riffled through them with



Note From The Head

I appreciate the time you spend helping Janet with her homework, but we do not seem to be co-ordinating our efforts very well. It is confusing for a child to learn one thing at school and something else at home.

Of course you have the right to your own views about history; but the books we use do not give such importance to sport as you do. Learning the names of kings and queens is at least easier than remembering the names of Derby winners. There are fewer of them.

The General Strike took place in 1926; but you have taught Janet that the important thing about 1926 was that it was Coronach's year. At school we teach that the test of a statesman is what he does for the welfare of the nation; Janet learns at home that the greatest English prime minister was Lord Rosebery because he won the Derby. The Union of England and Scotland took place in 1707, but this very important event is completely confused for your daughter by the fact that Scottish Union won the St. Leger in 1938.

Perhaps we could meet and have a talk—and, of course, if you have any tips—!

R. G. G. PRICE

IN SHORT

Words Of Wisdom

My father, Cyril Maude, who died nearly ten years ago at the age of eighty-eight, was a kindly and lovable man with a wide knowledge of the world from his long life in the theatre.

"Never think badly of a man because you have heard one or two people say beastly things about him," he told me one day. "But when a man's general reputation is bad you should be very careful indeed; the world is generally right."

JUDGE JOHN MAUDE, Q.C.

Quiet Little Pub

This seems the right sort of pub, don't you think—nice and peaceful? Two gin and tonics, please. You know, you're looking very pretty——

Here is the news. At a preliminary sitting today a steering committee of the Security Council——

Oh, for heaven's sake! Must we have that on? . . . Thanks. That's better. Oh dear, this looks like a bore coming.

They won six V.C.s before breakfast.

Who did?

The Lancashire Fusiliers, of course.

I never said they didn't. Look, my dear fellow, I don't want to seem rude, but——

At Gallipoli, it was.

I'm sure they put up a jolly good show. But if you don't mind I want to talk to this lady. No, thanks, I don't want a drink, I've got one. No, of course I'm not offended. . . . Gosh, he looks the kind who has six pints before breakfast. As I was saying, you——

"War Cry," sir?

Oh, all right. Here come the drinks. I need one. Cheers!

Are you XYZ 123, sir? There's a man can't get his Bentley out.

No, I'm not XYZ 123. Really, all these interruptions are a bit much. I'll never come——

Flowers for the lady, sir? Only two shillings.

No thanks . . . You didn't want any, did you? Probably pinched from the cemetery.

Excuse me, sir. There's a wasp just fallen in your gin. You have to drink up quick in this weather.

So it seems. Give me another one. A gin, not a wasp.

Will you sign a petition against the new lamp-posts, sir?

Certainly. And against the H-bomb too. Anything for a quiet life. Now I wonder what else anybody can think up? . . . Heavens, somebody's stuffing money into the juke-box.

I gotta date in the town at eight with an oochy-smoochy gal——

Come on, we're going.

E. S. TURNER

A Modern Tragedy

Here lies a Student, only a learner,
Blew himself up with a Bunsen Burner,
Who might with a little more Ambition
Have blown himself up with Nuclear Fission.

T. H. KEAN

Foreign Affairs

In Cleveland, Mrs. Ray Maylin pulled up her car when the traffic lights went red. She put out her hand to signal her intention to turn. A man grabbed her wrist and relieved it of jewellery worth £250.

Portliness almost cost Luciano Schembari his vote in the recent Italian general election. He is six feet tall, weighs twenty-eight stone and has a chest measurement of five feet. He could not get into the polling booth. Officials turned their backs while he marked his ballot paper outside the voting cubicle.

In answer to a frantic telephone call police officers rushed to the South Amboy, New Jersey, home of Mrs. Roman Fernecz. They found her husband out cold on the floor. Mrs. Fernecz explained that she had tried to swat a moth with a hammer—but swatted her husband instead. He soon came round—but the moth escaped.

Starke's Holiday Guide Book

"The food is usually good although it can often be just a shade monotonous"

his thumb. Mairead was upstairs, unpacking. Justin looked sideways at me.

I knew from something in his face that things weren't quite the same as they had been when he went away. And I saw the beginnings of a horrifying shame in his eyes; the same look that I had seen in my father's after the crash came. But the most horrifying thing of all was that it was the same kind of shame; that Justin couldn't see any difference between his father losing his own money and himself being disappointed of his wife's, that she had never really had. To him it was just the same; money out of the sky to pour like water into living.

But, even though he knew it was no good, he had to try to get money from Mairead, because there was nowhere else he could turn, and in that last, mad extravagance of the wedding he had broken himself, and me, beyond repairing. And for a little time she paid. What she could, and as often as she could. But her money was tied. I used to hear her crying sometimes: "It's tied, I tell you. It's tied up. I can't give you any more. I can't."

Soon I took to eating in the kitchen, making the excuse that I couldn't spare the time from the farm for formal meals. It was all Paudeen and I could do, between us, to keep things from going to the wilds entirely. But Justin could only sit under Father's portrait in the dining-room with a whiskey glass in his hand and his eyes staring out of the window.

Sometimes I'd go in to him late in the evening and try to stop him drinking. "Go to bed, Justin," I'd beg him. And I'd try to get him up the stairs and wash him, and into the single bedroom that he'd gone back to almost immediately after the honeymoon. I'd wipe the whiskey off his chin, and untie his shoes, because still, still in all his ruin he was Justin . . . he was my older brother and a king.

And he'd mumble curses against Mairead. "The bitch," he'd whisper. "The golden bitch."

Then one night: "If she were dead," he whispered. "If she were dead and gone, I'd have her money. All of it. It'd be like old times then, eh, Kevin?"

I hushed him and put him into bed, and tried not to think of what he'd said. A drunken man will say anything. But still the words stayed in my mind, all that winter and in the spring, when the bailiffs came and stripped half the house.

If she were dead. I thought I saw things in his eyes when he looked at her, and I took to locking his door after I'd put him to bed at night, and unlocking it again on my way downstairs in the morning. Or the nights that he wouldn't go to bed I'd stay awake, so that nothing should happen.

And then one afternoon when the spring sunlight lay on the meadow that had been a lawn at the time of the wedding, Mairead said she was leaving.

"I can't stand it any more," she said, over the aluminium teapot that we'd bought on tick in Dooley's when the bailiffs took the last of the silver. "I can't stand another week of it. Will you come with me, Justin, back to America? We could . . . maybe we could start again."

But I think she knew the answer before she spoke. Justin crumbled bread in his hands, and I could see that they were shaking.

And, curiously, all I felt was relief. Perhaps, perhaps if Mairead went we'd get on our feet again, because Justin would have to work.

I went to sleep that night happy for the first time in months, but out of habit I left my door open. And maybe out of habit too I slept lightly, with one ear listening.

Even so, I thought the voice was a dream at first. "Mairead! Mairead, come quickly, for God's sake come!"

Justin's voice, and he was in trouble. I thought of him drunk in the dining-room and maybe the room on fire and he helpless. I don't know what I felt. I only ran, down the length of the corridor to the head of the stairs where Mairead's door was. And, as I ran, a shaft of moonlight came through the skylight of the great hallway and lit the stair head.

Even then I wouldn't have seen it if I hadn't been the right distance away. I wouldn't have seen it if I had been Mairead, running out of her room with her dressing-gown still unfastened and her eyes blind with sleep.

"Mairead!" I screamed. "Stand still. For God's sake stand still."

She stopped in the last instant, and my hand caught her shoulder and pulled her back. Her skin was warm and firm under the satin, and I wanted suddenly to hold her, and swing her round so that she would never see the thin rope stretched across the stair head at our feet, six inches above the floor.

But she had seen it already, and now her eyes were half closed and she was leaning against the wall, while Justin's drunken voice—or was it drunken? — echoed up the stairs. "Mairead. For God's sake come to me, Mairead."

"He would . . . do that . . . to me?" she whispered.

I tried to say something, but the words stuck in my throat, and then I heard a chair scraping in the dining-room and Justin coming out into the hall. I suppose he was going to make sure she heard him. His mouth was already open for the shout, but it never came. Instead he saw us standing there, Mairead leaning against the wall and myself with my hand still cold and useless on her shoulder, and our eyes looking at the rope he'd stretched so that one last shower of gold should come falling from the sky into his waiting hands.

He stood looking at us for almost half a minute, and I saw his mouth working as he looked at me; as if even now, in this last moment, he was appealing to me.

Us against all. That's what we'd said as children. *Sinn fein go dtu dtu.* Us against all for ever, until the sky falls. But the sky had fallen now. And I saw his shoulders stoop, and his face wither and grow small and old, like his father's before him. Then he went back into the dining-room.

When I heard the shot I knew that that was what I had been waiting for. . . .

Mairead went back to America. She waived her right to Justin's share of the estate, because it was simply a share of debts. She even offered to pay the worst of them, but I said no.

And now I live with Paudeen in the lodge, and Sheila walks up from the village every day to cook for us; and very slowly, because we live so simply and work so hard, the debts are getting paid.

One day, when the last of them is written off, maybe I shall marry. And I shall have a child, a boy who will love the land of my childhood and the house of my childhood as I have loved it.

But I will not give him my father's and my grandfather's medals to play with. And his mother will not be a golden woman like Mairead. THE END

© *Brian Cleeve, 1958*

Nina, the Russian athlete, feared imprisonment for theft. She beams with delight on leaving court

The vanity of a Russian woman . . . the Dockers' life on the Riviera . . . and a sinister quest for oil. . . . These taxed all Sir Hartley's skill, and held Britain fascinated

by W. E. ARMSTRONG

Five hats, a yacht and an oasis

THE House of Commons was crowded on the night of April 2, 1946. A controversial measure, the Trades Disputes Bill, was in its last stages. It had been bitterly fought, and the atmosphere was electric when the Attorney-General, Sir Hartley Shawcross, rose to make the winding-up speech.

Mr.—not yet Sir—Winston Churchill had made much play with a phrase, "the verdict of the people." Sir Hartley took it up and, lifting a passage from *Alice In Wonderland*, compared Churchill to Humpty Dumpty.

"'When I use a word,' said Humpty Dumpty, 'it means just what I intend it to mean,'" Sir Hartley quoted, "'and neither more nor less.' 'But,' said Alice, 'the question is whether you can make a word mean different things.' 'Not so,' said Humpty Dumpty, 'the question is which is to be the master. That is all.'

"We are the masters at the moment," added the Attorney-General. The harmless quotation was quite a neat and good-humoured way of saying that, if a government is to legislate, it must draft measures which imply what the Government, and not the Opposition, think they should imply.

Sir Hartley was prepared for the effervescence which followed this in the House. But the uproar from the press the next morning surprised him. "Fascist," "Dictator," "Arrogant," "Inept" were a few of the epithets. One paper compared the Attorney-General to Hitler.

The attack was unjust, for the seemingly arrogant words were taken out of context; but Sir Hartley, as a lawyer, knew that words are to be used with care.

"It was the most unfortunate phrase I ever used," he wryly admitted later, "and I have never quite lived it down."

A few months later, after criticizing a section of the press, he was attacked again. "The electorate have now seen quite enough of this intemperate, over-confident young barrister," said one writer, "to wish his immediate departure from the scene."

Sir Hartley had no intention of departing from the scene. He was enjoying himself immensely and working harder than ever. As the legal maid of all work in the government, he was heavily engaged in Parliament. As one of Britain's delegates to the United Nations he was travelling to and from Lake Success. As a lawyer of international reputation he was in demand by foreign governments—Czech, French, Polish, American—for lectures and conferences. And as an ordinary citizen he was giving as much time as he could spare to his country house, Peckhams, near Halland, Sussex, and to his wife and their small son, born in May, 1946.

The work he did abroad was never more important than during the few years following his appointment as Attorney-General. December, 1946, in particular, was noteworthy at Lake Success for the way Sir Hartley stood up to the Soviet delegates, the formidable Messrs. Vyshinsky and Molotov. During the prolonged disarmament debate which took place during the first week of the month he seemed, indeed, to be the only Western delegate capable of matching the sinuosity of his opponents.

Sir Hartley and the Russians fought a duel of wits which was widely reported as being the high dramatic moment of the session. The political committee was debating a Russian proposal that members of the assembly should give details of armed forces stationed outside their countries.

The clash arose on the question of a system of the verification of armaments by mutually international inspection. The Attorney-General hurried to the rostrum. Raising his voice and to loud applause, Sir Hartley declared: "We are willing when these matters have been established through the framework of the Security Council to allow the Russian agents to come to England to verify figures if the Soviet Union reciprocates." Then, rapping the rostrum, he challenged the Russians directly: "I ask Mr. Molotov to say if he is prepared to agree now to the establishment by the Security

Shawcross and Vyshinsky in a private discussion at U.N.O. During a debate on disarmament they fought a duel of wits—and finally reached agreement

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Council of a system to control and supervise information about troops and armaments in the Soviet Republic?"

Applause broke out again at this implacable question, and the hall was tense as Mr. Molotov went to the rostrum. He said slowly: "If the British amendment is modified to include both armaments and troops, we shall vote for it."

Sir Hartley followed him immediately. "This is an historic occasion," he declared. "I am proud to be able to take part in it. We are going to come to an agreement."

While Paul Henri Spaak, presiding, called for a vote on the modified British amendment, the Attorney-General scribbled a draft and, almost running to the rostrum, read it out. The amendment was carried.

The fact that the Russians later withdrew their assent was unfortunate, but in no way weakened the significance of the fact that, for once on a major issue, the Soviet delegates had been brought round—if only temporarily—to a common point of view. The outcome of that long debate at Lake Success, Sir Hartley might think, was by no means the least hardly won, or the most unimportant of his victories.

He had one other reason for remembering it. Three days before the debate he was made a member of the New York Bar Association—the youngest barrister, by ten years, ever to have that honour.

Back in England, Sir Hartley had no reason to look far for what he called "real work." It was the familiar round of legislation, legal counsel and administration with, sometimes, a rare appearance in the law courts.

THREE years after the war ended a man called Redding made a contribution to legal history. Redding had been a sergeant with the British forces serving in Egypt. He was given the humdrum and, at first sight, unrewarding job of checking the entry into his camp of a number of supply vehicles, some owned by the military, others by Egyptian contractors.

Contraband being endemic in the Levant, the sergeant allowed a number of lorries to bring into military-ruled Cairo certain and costly goods destined neither for the Naafi nor the cookhouse. The reward of his complaisance—which might be called his postwar gratuities—added up to the useful nest-egg of some £10,000.

So, at any rate, the sergeant believed; for, being apprehended, he was court-martialled, dismissed the service and given a term of imprisonment. It was when he emerged from jail in 1949 that ex-Sergeant Redding began to think with satisfaction that he, at all events, would not be playing a cornet in Piccadilly. He had no doubt that the £10,000 was his, but found that others, notably the government, tiresomely took an opposite view. Redding refused to see the matter as closed, and took action under the Crown Proceedings Act.

The case went to the House of Lords where Sir Hartley, as Attorney-General, opposed the ex-sergeant's claims. The whole point of the law, as Sir Hartley saw it, was to establish whether the Crown, and not Redding, had a right to the money. He submitted that the Crown had such right, which came as a shock to those innocent people who believe that, having robbed a bank and "paid their debt to society," they can with impunity profit by their ill-gotten gains.

In this case, the Attorney-General argued that the fact of his wearing the King's uniform made Sergeant Redding the King's servant; and that, therefore, any moneys obtained by him illegally must be the property of his master, provided, always, that the original owners of the moneys did not themselves claim them. Their Lordships, who heard the appeal, took no time in judging the Attorney-General's contention to be correct.

Rather typically, the more Sir Hartley grew in political esteem the more he was apt to spark off contention. When, in 1950, there was question of the government not pushing through the Bill authorizing the suspension of capital punishment, Sir Hartley, in a stormy interview with the Prime Minister and Mr. Herbert Morrison, threatened resignation if the Bill were to be withdrawn.

The story is little known, and is a decisive refutation of those who thought that the "sophisticated" Sir Hartley's humanitarianism was as weakly anchored in sincerity as his Socialist convictions.

Sir Hartley was unruffled by these see-saws in reputation; as unruffled as when, coming out of the Law Courts one morning in February, 1951, he was met by his secretary with the news that his name was among those being put forward for the Nobel Peace Prize. Sir Hartley had not heard anything about this and, anyway, it made no sense to him. However, it was true; for the next day he refused the honour privately by letter, and publicly by an announcement in the press.

It was at this period, also, that a distinguished judge, talking at a public dinner, referred to the Attorney-General as a future Prime Minister.

Asked about this by reporters, Sir Hartley confined himself to saying that people were kind, and liable, on occasions, to "say all sorts of things." That is as it may be, but the number of people in public life about which that particular "sort of thing" was being said was not noticeably large.

By the spring of 1951 Sir Hartley's near six years as Attorney-General was drawing to an end.

In April he left the spacious office in the Royal Courts and assumed duties as President of the Board of Trade. It was a change in many ways, not the least of which was financial, for his salary dropped to £5,000 a year. As Attorney-General he had been earning twice that sum.

Before 1946 he might, during the first few months of his Attorney-Generalship, have earned £25,000 a year; for although the post carried a salary of only £4,500, he was given fees and "refreshers" like any other barrister. Thus, his fees for the Nuremberg Tribunal could hardly have been less than £5,000 with "refreshers" of 100 guineas a day.

What he could have earned in private practice was to be demonstrated five months later when the Labour Government fell in October, 1951. Sir Hartley was still a Member of Parliament, for he had successfully defended his seat at St. Helens, but now he became a practising lawyer again.

True to his interpretation of professional ethics he took every brief he could, and defended everyone who needed him, irrespective of the fact that the brief might sometimes be for those his critics called "political opponents."

In 1953 he appeared for Sir Bernard and Lady Docker, summoned under the Exchange Control Act. These were the years when the allowance of foreign currency for the tourist was even more meagre than it is at present, and the temptations for those who could augment the Treasury's austere allocation were consequently greater.

The Dockers, enviably, had been softening the rigours of the English winter by spending a few days on their yacht, which they anchored in Nice harbour. The crew of the yacht had to live, and so had Sir Bernard and his lady. Treasury agents on the spot believed that the living was perhaps a

A MEAL TO REMEMBER

by Peter Sellers

SOMETIMES, I suppose, I have rather an odd sense of humour, and one of the things I used to enjoy was to go into a restaurant, and order a completely fictitious dish. Usually the waiter would disappear into the kitchen, and come back with an excuse that it was impossible for the chef to cook that particular food on that day. No chef would ever admit that he hadn't heard of a dish.

One day, with my former Goon colleague Michael Bentine, I went into a restaurant in the North that boasted of specializing in Continental cooking. I asked the waiter if the chef could cook our favourite dish—Black Sea Babushka à la Kaprinski with chaprusta and flag sauce. The waiter asked me to repeat the order, looked at me closely, and went into the kitchen.

A few moments later he came back with the astonishing news that the chef would be delighted to prepare the dish for us.

Considerably shaken, we began to wonder what on earth would be served—until the waiter brought us a delicious meal. After it, we asked to see the chef, ostensibly to compliment him on his cooking.

He came out of the kitchen all smiles, and said that it was an honour to cook for people who obviously knew so much about good food. He had recognized the dish, he said, by its less complicated name—*boeuf Strogonoff*—and apologized for not being able to serve flag sauce at such short notice.

We still don't know whether the chef was a true Goon or the best liar in the business.

How to cook Boeuf Strogonoff

Ingredients: 1 lb. lean beef, preferably fillet, 1 pint stock, 2 tablespoons sour cream, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon tomato juice, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 chopped onion, salt and pepper.

Cut the meat into small cubes, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and leave for two hours. Brown the flour in the butter, working to a smooth paste, and then add the hot stock gradually. Bring to the boil and strain. Stir in the tomato juice and sour cream. Fry the meat and chopped onion in butter on a quick flame. When brown put the meat in the sauce, and simmer for fifteen minutes.

Bring to the boil, stirring well all the time, and serve at once.

little high for so small an allowance as £70 a head.

Another point of interest in the case was the appearance of Sir Hartley, briefed by the Dockers, in a magistrate's court; actually that of Sir Laurence Dunne, presiding at Bow Street. It is very rare for a barrister of eminence to appear in a lower court, and Sir Hartley's presence at Bow Street caused a mild legal sensation.

He managed to persuade the magistrate that his clients, while certainly transgressing against the law, were not threatening the country with ruin. With this view Sir Laurence Dunne complied, and fined the Dockers no more than £50, with 250 guineas costs. The overall costs were reported to be in the nature of £10,000—quite an expensive holiday, even for the South of France. . . .

The action which the powerful Electrical Trades Union brought against the London Electricity Board sounded, for the public, as if it were no more than another internecine industrial dispute. As a matter of fact, the proceedings in the High Court before Mr. Justice Pearson were followed with great public interest.

The case brought into opposition the sharply contrasted personalities of Sir Hartley Shawcross and, in his own field, of a no less successful man—Mr. Frank Foulkes, the Communist leader of 200,000 electrical workers.

The case, basically, concerned two members of Mr. Foulkes's union who had been on strike and who now sued the London Electricity Board for £79 bonus money due to them under the "co-partnership" clause. The Board contested the claim, holding that the men forfeited the right to the bonus when they went on strike. If the men won, ninety-six other members of the union would receive bonus money.

Sir Hartley's case for the London Electricity Board, which was opposed by Mr. D. N. Pritt, Q.C., for the union, was that the claim was invalid. He was to state, further, that the two plaintiffs were simply "pawns in the game," and that the action had been brought by Mr. Foulkes as a test case that had more to do with politics than with the true interests of his men.

Some passages of his cross-examination were not exactly sugary.

Sir Hartley: "I am suggesting that you are a person who is not loyal to your engagements and whose word is not to be relied on."

Mr. Foulkes: "Last year my members re-elected me unopposed."

"On a vote of thirty-five thousand! Does not that strike you as a very serious thing for the future of this country that only one-fifth of your members were able to overcome their apathy and vote for you?"

"Counsel is trying to blacken my character," cried Mr. Foulkes, thumping the witness box.

"You are not addressing one of your meetings now," Sir Hartley reminded him, "and you will not succeed in shouting me down."

Mr. Foulkes, who battled stoutly throughout, often gave as good as he got.

"You must not attribute anything to my mind," Sir Hartley told him soothingly at one point, "when I am not asking questions. I do not have a mind when I am counsel. I have a mouth."

Mr. Foulkes, grimly: "I gathered that."

After a dour fight and the closing speeches of counsel—Sir Hartley's lasted for thirteen hours—the court found against Mr. Foulkes and his union. The action had lasted thirteen days and the costs were estimated at £15,000. Apart from the more than useful fee, Sir Hartley had enjoyed it. Mr. Foulkes proved a resilient opponent, and Sir Hartley always enjoyed a fight. . . .

In September, 1955, Sir Hartley was retained for Britain before an international tribunal set up to resolve the dispute between the Crown and the Saudi Arabian Government about the ownership of the few square miles of sand called the Buraimi Oasis.

The Buraimi Oasis dispute was perhaps the most important and difficult case he undertook since leaving his post of Attorney-General. It was a complicated, exotic brief, an Arabian Nights story shot with sinister facets of gigantic bribery and undercover oil interests, all set in a Hollywood location of mud forts, tribal levies and burning desert.

The case was heard at Geneva, where the Town Hall was patrolled by bodyguards of bedaggered Arabs, and the hearing melodiously interrupted by the muezzin's midday wail to prayer.

The genesis of the Buraimi case was, ostensibly, a frontier dispute. Britain held that Buraimi belonged to two of our protégés in that region: the Sultan of Muscat and a tribal chief called Abhu Dhabi. But Saudi Arabia, Buraimi's mighty neighbour, contested this claim, and Saudi Arabian levies had occupied the oasis in 1952.

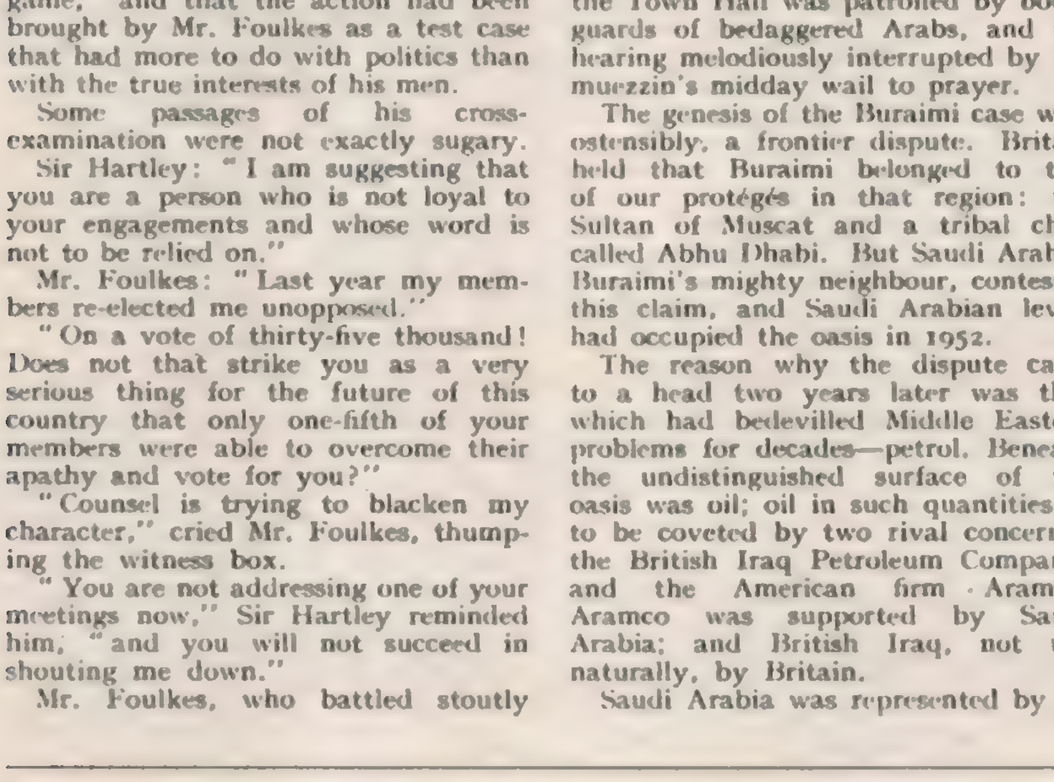
The reason why the dispute came to a head two years later was that which had bedevilled Middle Eastern problems for decades—petrol. Beneath the undistinguished surface of the oasis was oil; oil in such quantities as to be coveted by two rival concerns: the British Iraq Petroleum Company, and the American firm Aramco. Aramco was supported by Saudi Arabia; and British Iraq, not unnaturally, by Britain.

Saudi Arabia was represented by an

AFFECTION—I

If you seek warmth of affection from a similar motive to that from which cats and dogs and slothful persons hug the fire, you are on the downward road.

H. D. Thoreau



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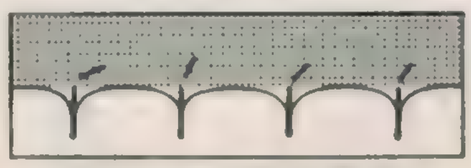

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SO MUCH **EASIER · SMOOTHER · CLOSER**

Arab lawyer, advised by an American professor. Sir Hartley Shawcross led for Britain, helped by a brilliant junior, Robin Dunn, and advised by Professor Waldock.

The proceedings constituted the most unsatisfactory case Sir Hartley ever handled. He soon established that the Saudi Arabian Government had been engaged in lavish bribery—the sum, which was not contested, was some £30 million—in an attempt to suborn the tribes in the Buraimi Oasis.

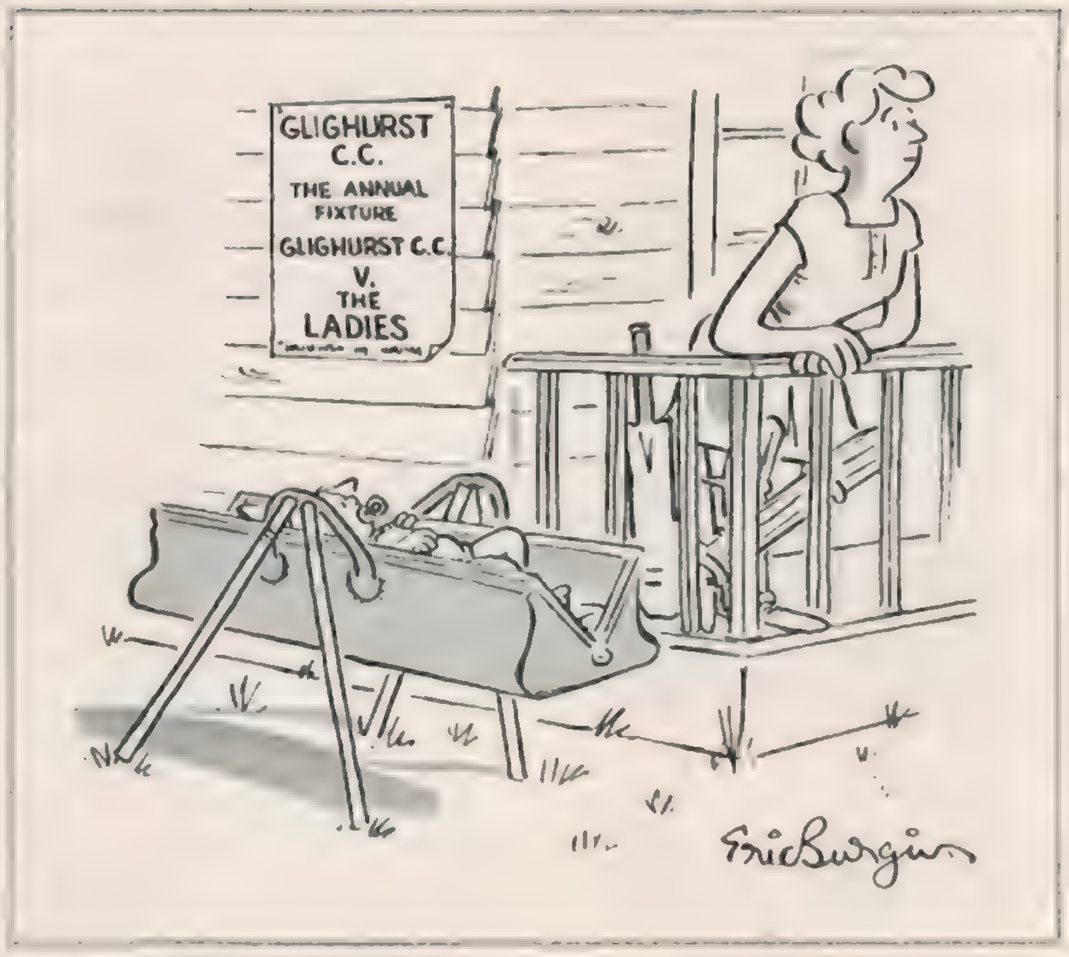
At this point Yusuf Yasin, the Saudi Arabian member of the tribunal, affected perhaps by the chronic Eastern belief that everything can be settled by bargaining—even the verdict of an international tribunal—suggested that he and Sir Reader Bullard, the British member, should confer privately with Sir Hartley and the Arab lawyer representing Saudi Arabia. Sir Hartley declined forcibly and at once. Proceedings came to a deadlock, and what must have been one of the most expensive courts ever set up ended in a disagreeable anti-climax.

The exotic bodyguards took the four-engined modern magic carpet back to Arabia, and Sir Hartley and his team climbed into the first available aircraft back to London.

Paradoxically, the Buraimi affair, which had cost so much money and assembled so much legal talent in Geneva, was wound up by an old-fashioned example of "gunboat strategy." A few weeks after the breakdown of the tribunal, Arab irregular forces, led by British officers, took possession of the oasis by force.

Not long after the Buraimi affair Sir Hartley intervened in what was, for the public, the high comedy of the summer of 1956. In August of that year the Russians sent over an athletics team to compete at the White City. One of the visitors was the buxomly, auburn Nina Ponomareva, Olympics discus thrower and Honoured Master of Sport of the Soviet Union. Although she was buxom Nina was nonetheless feminine; feminine enough to covet a medley of saucy hats displayed invitingly in that most permanent of British institutions—an "Oxford Street Store."

Without the formality of payment—so the watching detectives said—Nina put five of the hats (value £1 12s. 11d.) in her bag and wandered out to return to her Bayswater hotel. However, she got no farther than the West Central Police Station, where she was charged



to appear at the Marlborough Street Magistrate's Court the following morning.

Nina did not appear at Marlborough Street or anywhere else; but went to ground in the Russian Embassy.

All the ingredients of an international incident were now created. The Russians refused to compete at the White City; the Bolshoi Ballet, due for a London visit, threatened to withdraw this favour if the indignity to an Honoured Master of Soviet Sport was not immediately erased. The Prime Minister, Sir Anthony Eden, wrote to Bulganin. The ports were watched, so was London Airport, just in case Nina abandoned the discus and took to the hop-skip-and-jump. The law was the law, but the Russian Embassy was no less certainly Soviet soil. For two months while the public, forgetting the Test matches, looked palpitatingly on, a face-saving formula was sought.

It was at this point that Sir Hartley was asked to make an informal and diplomatic intervention. He went down to Kensington Palace Gardens and had a word with the Russian legal attaché. To his surprise, he found that the Soviet officials tenaciously believed that, once delivered to capitalist justice, the wretched Nina would be banished to whatever corresponded, in the British penal settlements, to Siberia. Sir Hartley managed to convince them that this view was slightly exaggerated, and even persuaded them to deliver Nina—pale, the papers said—to the dread tribunal of Marlborough Street on October 12. There, in an atmosphere of seemly hilarity, she was given an absolute discharge—with three guineas costs.

In that summer of 1956 Sir Hartley was again in the news. Rumours, which had followed him all his life, settled round his head in their current forms. He was to be a judge, Lord Chief Justice, Lord Chancellor. He was to be given a peerage to strengthen the Socialist representation in the Lords. He was to leave politics; he was to become a Tory. In fact, he was still Sir Hartley; a man who all his life had been above the mêlée.

Speaking in Devizes in 1952 at a meeting of the local Labour Party, he said that he had "no political ambitions whatsoever." But what of legal ones? He might indeed have been Lord Chancellor; just as he might, had he wanted, have climbed to consideration as a future Prime Minister. He pursued none of these prizes. When he gave up, in November, 1957, the appointment which perhaps he valued most, the Presidency of the Council of the Bar, he was making his bow to some of the public life he had known. But not to all.

In speeches and statements to the press, Sir Hartley has repeatedly said that what he desired above all else was to enjoy the things for which he has worked so hard.

These things are his family life and home. He lives with his wife and three children in a fifteenth-century country house — Peckhams was sold early this year—at Friston Place, under the Sussex Downs.

Since he quit the Bar in May last year and resigned his seat at St. Helens twelve months later he has put partisan politics behind him, but as a director of the Shell Petroleum Company, a member of the Chamber of Commerce, a member of the Council of Operation Britain, he will now have industry and commerce.

Indeed, in new spheres his activities will increase. He has been appointed Crown representative on the Court of London University, chairman of World University Service, a member of the council of several international legal organizations. He regards himself as beginning an exciting new life which will yet enable him to enjoy the things he loves.

The secret, it may be, of his character, lies in a passage of the speech he made at Chessingham in 1950, when a general election was approaching. He called for a clean, unbitter campaign, with "No venom, no hatred, no slogans, no catchwords, a fair, clean and good-humoured election."

Conceivably, it is because he has no venom and no cruelty, and is not given to the luxury of slogans and catchwords that he has abandoned party politics.

"Too adult for politics," someone said of him. "I cannot," he once said of himself, "be altogether at my ease abusing a man who is a friend of mine and with whom I might be taking dinner later, simply because a few feet of the House of Commons separates us."

That sentiment would be weakness in an ambitious public man. It might be that it is the strength of Sir Hartley Shawcross.

THE END

Will your laughter save Caesar?

Continued from page 11

of a fighter plane, a six-month-old baby and a German officer.

Imogene Coca was the perfect partner. Her brilliant parody of a second-rate soprano singing a difficult aria and realizing that she was making a hash of it, had a pathos which gave the humour almost painful intensity. Her sketches as a talkative spinster and as a ballerina made the audience rock with laughter—but in a disquieting kind of way.

For the spinster could be seen to realize suddenly that frustration was turning her into a crank. And the ballerina—deliriously comic as she pranced gracelessly across the stage, tripping over her feet and finally having to crawl through her partner's legs to retrieve her fallen wand—knew savage humiliation.

It was a humiliation no more savage than that which Caesar and Coca have known in their own lives.

Caesar was born tongue-tied and could not speak until he was three. He was a friendless boy, backward at school and unhappy in his home life. "I grew up in anger," he says. His parents were poor Jewish immigrants—the family name was unpronounceable to immigration officials and "Caesar" was substituted as the nearest equivalent. They took over a derelict hotel at Yonkers, near New York, and for years during the depression the family lived on oatmeal, potatoes and sour cream. Sid was sent out to hawk vegetables.

When he was thirteen, in 1935, his father finally gave up the heartbreaking job of trying to make a go of the hotel and moved out. Sid took with him a battered old saxophone left behind by an impecunious guest. He learned to play it, and was soon good enough to get himself a job with a small-time orchestra called Mike Cifichello's Swingtime Six.

When America entered the war, he was nineteen. He joined the Coastguard Service and was soon taking part in service shows. One of them attracted attention in Hollywood and was filmed, Caesar's clownish contribution earning him special mention and a fat bonus. In the postwar years his clowning paid even better dividends, until in 1950 he broke through to the top in the American entertainment world—with a television programme of his own, *Your Show Of Shows*. He was twenty-eight and earning nearly £1,000 a week.

Imogene Coca, a five-foot-three bundle of nervous energy, has known even more ups and downs.

Less than ten years ago she and her husband, an actor-producer, spent two nights in New York's Grand Central station, moving from one bench to another to avoid being arrested for vagrancy. Shortly afterwards, as Danny Kaye's revue partner, she was the toast of the town—and in the money again. When she joined Sid Caesar's show the critics hailed the partnership as a natural. "They go together," one wrote, "like a cow and a clover-field."

For five years the show regularly beat all others with its phenomenal viewing figures, but neither of the temperamental stars seemed to be getting much fun out of it. In Imogene Coca's dressing room an army of rag dolls was regularly paraded to keep bad luck away. The strain of nine-hours-a-day rehearsals began to tell on both of them. Caesar found everyone "hostile," including his wife and two children. He took to visiting a psychiatrist. And suddenly, in 1955, he decided he didn't want Imogene Coca in the show.

Caesar called his new show *Caesar's Hour*, and tried out a succession of partners to replace Imogene Coca. One of them was Nanette Fabray (who shortly before her first appearance had voluntarily committed herself to hospital for mental treatment). Another was Janet Blair. But somehow the show didn't go.

Imogene Coca, too, started her own show. But despite all the rag dolls, it wilted from the start. And a few months later luck turned its back again. Her husband, Bob Burton, to whom she had been married twenty years, fell ill and in four months was dead. He was forty-six.

Last autumn, after loafing for seven months, Caesar persuaded Imogene Coca to team up with him again for a new show called *Sid Caesar Invites You*.

Again the critics raved at the quality of their humour, which seemed sharper and more unorthodox than ever. And again the viewers responded by switching off. The decision to try their luck in Britain soon followed.

Though he thinks that Britain may understand him better, Caesar is about as un-British a character as could be imagined. He is a volatile, moody man, melancholy one minute and wildly enthusiastic the next.

In America he lives up to his riches. He has an ornate eighteen-room mansion at Long Island Sound, New York. It cost £50,000 and is equipped with a swimming pool and two billiards tables (one for himself and the other for his young son). An ocean-going cruiser is moored at the end of the garden. In his Manhattan office he maintains a staff of forty, including a butler. A valuable art collection hangs on the walls.

The riches have come quickly, and, since he hitched his star to satire, could go just as quickly. The melancholy comedian from Yonkers still keeps his saxophone in tune; and the girl who believes in luck has brought her rag dolls with her.

They have taken to heart the words of another great American humorist. "Satire," said George S. Kaufman, "is what closes on Saturday night." Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca have just thirteen weeks to prove that in Britain, at least, he is wrong. THE END

The character game

He had to win—even if it meant that his wife would never be happy again

by DUDLEY BARKER

THEY were playing on Number One court in an early round of the tournament, but the crowds were watching; Nick Peters was the first Englishman for years with a real chance of the singles championship.

And then there was the romance. Daphne and he, married late the previous summer, were making their first Wimbledon appearance together. Not that she was quite in the front rank, but she came of a famous tennis family; she was a Straughan. Besides, she was so pretty. And they were such kids; he only twenty-two and she twenty. What was it like, people idly wondered, to be world famous at that age?

Colonel Straughan, watching them from the stand, wondered too. There had been less hysteria about it in his day. But it was more of a game then, more fun. Nobody slogged at the thing in the way that, for instance, his son-in-law, young Nick, did.

All the same, the boy was a pleasure to watch. He was not completely stylish, but so steady, so sure. They were playing Robles, the wily old South American, and a sinewy young woman from Philadelphia who far outmatched Daphne. But the English couple were leading 5-2 in the first set, 30-love in the game, with Nick working like a machine.

The score moved to 40-15 and set point. Nick aced the American girl. First set to Mr. and Mrs. Peters. Straughan caught himself wishing that Nick had been kinder to the girl. But Nick Peters played tennis to win. That was the way he had come up from a public park in a grimy Lancashire town. Now it was his third Wimbledon.

Curious, thought Straughan grimly, how tennis exactly reflected a player's character as no other game so surely did. The character game. He had opposed their marriage, partly because Nick's dour, almost surly play meant he was that sort of man, not right for pretty, somewhat spoiled, young Daphne. Of course, he had not persisted in his opposition. Since his wife died, he had never denied Daphne anything for long.

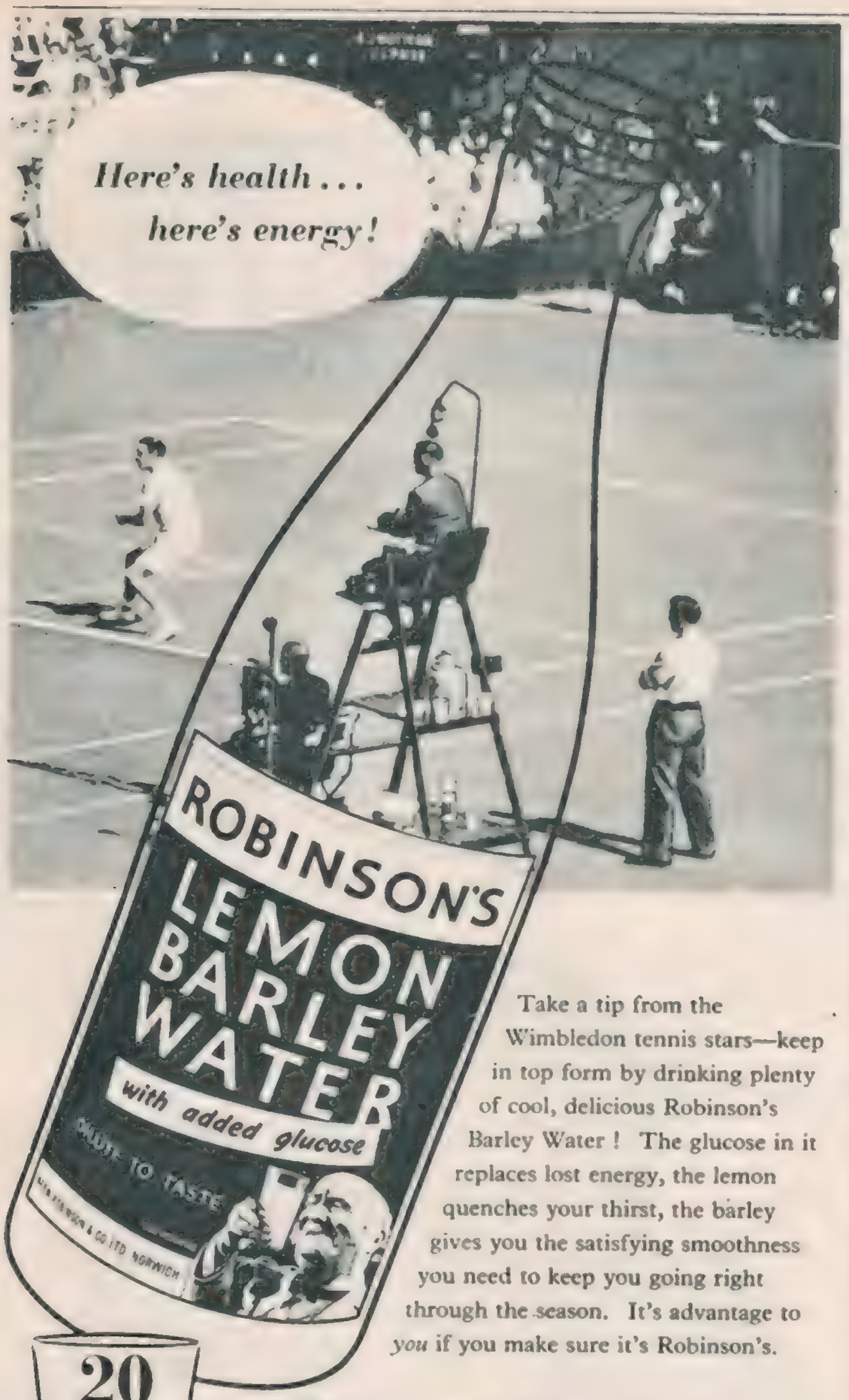
The "amateur," by devious means, was prepared to marry and support a wife. Straughan had shaken his head sadly and arranged to give Daphne a large allowance.

After the wedding they set off on that strange, big-tennis life, from tournament to tournament, crossing oceans, camping in hotels. Straughan read skimpy newspaper accounts. Nick's stature was always increasing, but he thought Daphne must be having a very secondary time of it.

When they came back from Australia in the spring, Straughan saw that Daphne's letters had not told the whole story. Her father saw that

Nick had made up his mind —and the colonel was worried. Nervously, Daphne said: "Let's forget it . . ."

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HESELTINE



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she was bored, not as yet with Nick perhaps, but with the wandering life. And she was thinner from the heat.

Straughan brought his thoughts back to the match he was watching. It was nearly over. Nick was pulling out a little more, Robles was smiling gently, the American was losing her temper.

And then, suddenly increasing the pressure, Nick finished the match. Straughan watched them coming to the net to shake hands, Nick with that sour little smile on his face, Daphne enchanting, Robles grinning and the American girl just polite.

Straughan drove them back to his house at Ascot, since they had no home of their own. When they got there, Nick went silently upstairs to lie down.

"He's always like that while a tournament is on," said Daphne, strolling with her father across the lawn towards the lake. "He rests and rests."

"Rather dull for you, isn't it?"

"Oh, no!" she said quickly.

"How long is it going on, making tennis your whole lives?"

"It is his life," she said slowly.

"Look here, I'm as keen on tennis as anyone. But this is going to extremes. We've spoken before of his coming into the firm. Now I'm going to make him a definite offer."

"He might not be very good at business."

Straughan dismissed that with a wave of the hand. "He can learn. A man who has made a big name for himself in sport is an asset in the City. He'd be useful, I assure you. I've

AFFECTION—2

No affections and a great brain—these are the men to command the world.

Benjamin Disraeli

nobody to follow me. In time he'd have a good position."

"It's kind of you," she murmured.

"Don't be silly. He's your husband. It's the natural thing to have him with me. And besides, my dear, I'm worried about you. You're not really enjoying this sort of life, are you? Don't you want to make a home and have children? It's your happiness that matters to me."

She smiled and touched his hand. "I know. And it has been a bit wearying. I intend to have it out with Nick, but not until after the tournament. I don't want to worry him until that's over. And you mustn't either. Promise?"

"I promise. . . ."

But the promise was broken for him. After dinner that night, as they all sat on the terrace drinking coffee, Nick said: "I haven't had a chance to mention this before, but I had an offer from the American professional circus today."

"How much?" asked Straughan.

"Twenty thousand pounds down and a contract that works out at about fifteen thousand a year."

Straughan whistled.

"If, that is, I get the championship. Otherwise, no dice."

Straughan leaned forward. "I promised not to say this until after the tournament, so as not to disturb you, but now I think I should. I want you to come into the firm with me. It won't be for fifteen thousand pounds a year, but we can agree a comfortable salary. We'd want you to keep on with your tennis, but as an amateur, of course. I'll groom you with the idea that you eventually take on from me. On the long view, it's a sounder offer, Nick."

"Appreciate it," muttered the young man dutifully. He glanced towards Daphne, who had crossed to the coffee table. "But you'd better know now. If I become champion, I take the American offer."

Straughan was silent for a time. Then he said, "Once you've turned pro you can never, of course, play as an amateur again."

"So what? Is there really any difference? You know that I'm making my living out of tennis now."

"You don't have to. The firm is open to you."

"That would be just as sham," said Nick.

And of course, it would, Straughan admitted to himself.

"I should have thought," Straughan said, "that playing as an amateur would be more fun."

"Fun? Do you think I play tennis for fun?"

"I suppose you get some sort of pleasure out of it."

The boy shook his head. "Never."

"Then why on earth. . . ?"

"Because it's what I can do—on my own. If I came into your firm, it'd be a sort of gift. But, if I get the championship, this professional money would be what I had earned, on my own."

"Does you credit," said Straughan stiffly, "though I still think you're wrong."

"Let's forget it," pleaded Daphne, "for the present."

As the fortnight went on, Straughan was several times tempted to return to the subject, but Daphne checked him.

"Leave him alone anyway until after the final—if he gets there," she said.

"He will," said Straughan.

And it certainly seemed so. Nick was through the quarter-finals with ease. The semi-finals gave him more trouble. Trondsen, the Dane, took him to the full five sets. But he won.

The newspapers exulted, and one of them broke the news of the offer from the American professional circus, dependent on Nick's winning the championship.

"Why on earth did you tell the chap?" asked Straughan irritably. They were sitting on the terrace after dinner. Daphne, tired and perhaps despondent because they had been knocked out of the mixed doubles, had gone to bed early.

"He knew already," said Nick. "Anyway, it's true."

Straughan said uneasily: "I wish you'd reconsider."

"Let's not worry yet. I've not beaten Hodgson in the final yet."

"You think it'll be Hodgson? Yes, I suppose so." Hodgson, the best of the young Australians in spite of his moody temper, had not yet played his semi-final against Krauss, the American holder. "A Commonwealth final," murmured Straughan, "that's something we haven't seen for a long time."

Nick nodded but said nothing.

Straughan went on: "You're somebody rather important, Nick, to the country, in a way. It bucks people up a hell of a lot to have an Englishman champion at some sport. I think you'll not only get it this year, but you could probably hold it for three or four years ahead. And I'd be very happy to stake you to that. But you want to chuck it and turn pro."

He was not sure whether he ought to have said that. If Daphne had been there, he would have kept silent. But, he thought defiantly, it was too important. Her happiness was in balance.

"Look here," said Nick suddenly, "I wish you'd get this straight. When I was a nipper in my dad's sweetshop, I made up my mind to use tennis to get on.

"Tennis was the only thing I was naturally good at, and I've put in about fifteen years' hard work, and dropped everything else, to make it pay off. Now, when I'm nearly there, you want to stop me. Well, I won't be stopped. If I beat Hodgson, I'm taking that offer, and I'll make enough money, while I last, to set me and Daphne up for life. I won't give it up because you don't want your daughter married to a pro—that sort of stuff's dead and gone."

Straughan stood up to get himself a Scotch and soda, and a moment to reflect. The boy's whole self-confidence was built on this; had he the right to knock it from under him? Suppose he should, and then Nick lost the final? Straughan would never be sure

"D'you know, I think there's a lot to be said for being back home again"

that it was not he who had done it, by shaking the boy's nerve.

But then he remembered the weary look he had caught now and then on Daphne's face. He turned back to Nick and said, still standing, "I know. And I do see your point of view, Nick, and admire it. But how about Daphne?"

"Daphne? What about Daphne?"

Straughan sat down again beside him. "You were with her all the time, so you wouldn't notice. But I was startled to see what a winter of touring had done to her."

"Done to her?"

"She said nothing about it because of loyalty to you. But it knocked her up badly—not only the strain of the tennis, but living in hotels, travelling, the rush. I wasn't going to say this until after Wimbledon, but I'm forced to because of this pro thing. Daphne is on the edge of a breakdown, Nick, after not much more than six months of the life you're proposing for her for the next ten years."

Was that true? Straughan was not sure. It could be true. And, having started, he would deny himself no weapon.

"She seemed happy," said Nick.

"She is happy. Don't misunderstand me, Nick. I know she's glad she married you. I'm sure she has enjoyed the past winter, and had a lot of fun. But what she really wants is a house of her own and a settled life, and later on some children. I know her, old chap. After all, she is my daughter."

"And she is my wife. And if I have to tour all over the place to make a living——"

"But you don't have to. You can come into the firm."

THE boy stood up, and Straughan understood that, behind his stolid manner, he was angry now.

"No thanks. I'm not after charity. If I win, I'm taking the American offer. If I don't, I'll find something else. And Daphne and I will sort it out together. We don't need help."

"Don't say anything about it to her until the final is over, will you?" asked Straughan. "It'll only worry her more."

Nick gave him a long look and asked, just before he moved away upstairs: "What are you afraid of?"

Left alone, Straughan stared at his glass of whisky, trying not to answer that question, to admit that he was afraid of the lonely years ahead. He regretted his words now; probably a mistake. But he had not expected Nick to react so sharply.

Did the boy hate him, was that it? Whatever it was, he had been clumsy, driven him into a corner, perhaps forced him to take the American offer out of pride, if he should win. Straughan found himself guiltily wishing that Nick should lose. . . .

• • •

Hodgson it was. Straughan watched with fascination as he just beat the American, and wondered whether he were good enough to beat Nick. Straughan rather thought so. The young Australian's temper did not diminish the power of his game. Indeed, he appeared almost to need the temper to work up his best form.

The weather on the final day, too, favoured the Australian—glaring sun, temperature well up into the eighties. Straughan had never before felt the atmosphere more tense. Daphne, seated beside him, crossed fingers and smiled when Nick came on, followed closely by the Australian.

"Do you know him?" asked Straughan.

"Met him out there," she said. "He's nice off court, but not very pleasant when he's playing, especially if he's losing."

The umpire demanded silence and called play. And at once the match became sensational. Nick took the first game, on his service, for love. In the second, he ran Hodgson to deuce, and then broke his service.

"Game to Peters. Peters leads by two games to nil in the first set."

Nick took the next game on his service—3-love. The crowd quietened in its excitement. But then Hodgson began to wake up, pulling out those famous backhand returns. Nick tried to counter by lobbing, but uselessly. In that game he looked like a novice—3-1. Straughan thought it must unsettle him. But no. He won his service game, conceded the next to Hodgson, and so on.

"First set to Peters, six games to three."

Straughan, for all the heat, was hunching a little on his seat. Had the boy a chance to win, after all, and so break up Daphne's life?

The second set was rather dull, each man clinging to his service game. The score on the giant board crept up to 7-7. Hodgson to serve. He double-faulted, and suddenly exclaimed irritably at a ball-boy who had moved.

"There he starts," murmured Daphne.

Nick took the next point with a

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beautiful cross-court drop, and the following one after a long rally with a passing shot that left Hodgson standing. Straughan clenched his fists, but Daphne did not move. Love-40. Hodgson served down the centre line. Nick only just touched it, but by luck it topped the net. Hodgson came darting in, managed to get the ball up, but left Nick with a sitter which he smashed for game.

Daphne whispered: "I'm beginning to hope. If he can take this set. . . ."

The crowd was breathless. Nick served. Hodgson fought every point, desperately trying to break back. Nick served doggedly. They ran the game to deuce. Nick earned the advantage and served. Hodgson's return came low on the backhand and Nick cut the ball down the sideline, unreachable.

The crowd roared. Straughan heard Daphne releasing her breath.

"Game and set to Peters. Peters leads by two sets to nil."

"Having won the first set six to three," added the television commentator. "And the crowd is wild with excitement. What a display Peters is putting up! In those last two games he handled the Australian like a master. . . ."

As Hodgson crossed, his face was scowling and he was cutting at the air with the edge of his racket. He bounced the ball and served suddenly. It had a viciousness to it that seemed out of place in a game. It was quite unplayable.

STRAUGHAN settled back, feeling a little sick. Perhaps it was the heat. Daphne murmured: "This is it. He's worked his temper up."

The Australian was now playing with greater speed, greater agility and twice the venom. The vigour of the assault overwhelmed Nick, who lost four games in a row, and Hodgson took the set at 6-1.

Straughan realized that he should have been feeling glad. This was probably it, and his personal problem would not arise. But he wished the lad had not petered out so completely. For, as the fourth set began, Hodgson's dominance seemed reaffirmed. He won the first four games with ease. The television commentator was murmuring sadly that the English boy was looking very tired.

Now it was Nick's service and, as though to confound the commentator, he put across an ace. Then he began to fight doggedly. Hodgson began to mutter and scowl again, but the severity had gone out of his sting, for he was tiring a little too.

Nick levelled off the score. He fought it up to eleven games all. Straughan found his fists clenching again. He began to long for the boy to win, at any rate, that game. But Hodgson won it.

Three times Nick drew the game back. The fourth time became a long rally. At last Hodgson got into position to smash. Nick lunged for the ball, just touched it, but it flew wide. Hodgson could not resist a triumphant leap into the air. Nick stood passive, then moved across to the umpire's chair to change over. "Game and set to Hodgson. Two sets all."

Daphne had gone white. Straughan asked: "Are you all right? Do you want to get out?"

"I wouldn't miss this last set if I were dying." She turned suddenly to him. "Do you think he can do it? Daddy, can he?"

Straughan, moved, replied thickly: "I believe he will."

"I want that," she whispered, "more than anything on earth."

It was Nick to serve in the first game of the final set. Hodgson was hitting as viciously as ever, but now Straughan was sure he was tiring. But so was Nick. Indeed, he was probably whacked out.

"First game to the Australian in this final set," commented the television man as calmly as he could. "He has broken Peters's service. Peters must break back in this game, to have a chance."

But Nick dropped the first two points almost clumsily. Then he stood still a moment, wiped his forearm across his forehead, shifted his grip on the racket, and took the next three points in a row. 30-40. Straughan could hear Daphne murmuring beside him: "Nick, darling. Please, Nick!"

The Australian served into a long rally. Although the crowd neither moved nor made a sound, it seemed as though everyone there was standing on tiptoe, screaming. And then, with the most beautiful piece of tennis Straughan had seen in years, Nick left the Australian standing helplessly in mid-court. Hodgson flung down his racket. Nick moved stolidly across.

Straughan knew that every tennis player who watched this last set would speak of it for years. As Nick took his game, Straughan glanced at his daughter, who was now crying happily. And suddenly Straughan knew that the only thing he, too, wanted on earth, at that moment, was for his son-in-law to win that match out there, whatever the consequence. He put his hand on Daphne's arm and said softly: "Darling, he's going to do it."

She nodded. "I know. I'm sure he is."

He was going to do it, Straughan mused, because of the sort of man he was—not because of his skill at tennis. And he did. He did it almost easily, quite simply. He held all his service games until the score stood at 5-4. The Australian, having pushed himself over the edge of nerves, was now starting to go to pieces. In the tenth game—Hodgson's service—Nick took every point, a love game, and the umpire, his voice rising slightly, called: "Game, set and match to Peters."

It was almost an anti-climax.

AFTER the shouting was over, the presentation, the television interview and the press hubbub, Straughan managed to extricate Nick, and to drive to the hotel where he had booked rooms in which to change for the ball that evening.

Before dinner, when all three met for a drink, Nick said: "The newspaper writers asked me about the professional offer. I said I hadn't made up my mind. But I have. I'll not take it."

"But why?" cried Daphne.

Straughan knew very well why, and knew, too, that Nick would not give the true reason—that it was for her.

"I've been thinking," Nick was saying to Daphne, "that I'd best take your father's offer."

Straughan felt sick. He told himself that this was what he had wanted. But now that he had seen the youngster's quality, out there on the Centre Court, he did not want it any more. He understood that if Nick took what he thought of as charity, and abandoned the career he could have made for himself, he would drift—drift, at last, into nothingness.

This was what came of interfering in other people's lives. Straughan wished like the devil he could step forward and tell the boy not to do it, but to seize his own life, turn professional, earn his fortune for himself; but he dared not speak.

And then Daphne put her arm round Nick's neck and said: "You won't, darling. Not much. Do you think I'm going to let my husband idle about in an office when he's the greatest tennis player in the world? You'll take that offer from America, and we'll show 'em."

She glanced at Straughan, and he knew that she had guessed.

"But, darling," said Nick, haltingly, "it'd be an awful life for you, trailing all over the world, no settled home and all that."

"My life is your life," she answered.

And at that moment Straughan knew that he no longer had a daughter. And he exulted. THE END

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"I suppose it's the gipsy in us"

AFFECTION—3

Talk not of wasted affection; affection was never wasted.

H. W. Longfellow

Champions in a trance

Continued from page 15

the most comfortable race I ever swam."

Of his unorthodox training technique Forbes Carlile says simply: "There is nothing mysterious about it. It is simply the application to swimming of a truth that has been known for a long time—the power of the mind over the body. If you can persuade a swimmer to believe sincerely he can make faster times, he'll make them. With most of them it's largely a question of taking off the mental brakes.

"When a swimmer is nervous or anxious he'll never do his best. But lift those emotions off his mind and put in their place a feeling of confidence, a belief that the race will seem short, that his muscles won't tire, and that everything, in fact, will be smooth and simple, and he'll swim as he never did before.

"Of course, it's not only swimmers who need hypnosis. Young people with psychological conflicts, or unsettled personalities—these are the ones hypnosis can help most."

Carlile admits, naturally, that some swimmers are able, without outside help, to convince their own minds of their increasing, irresistible power in the water. For example, Lorraine Crapp, the 440-yards world record holder, and at nineteen the oldest of the Australian girls in the team for Cardiff, has always been convinced that she can swim faster than anybody else—and then faster than herself. She has no mental brakes. She needs no psychological conditioning.

It's much the same with two others in the Australian team for the Games, Jon Konrads and his sister Ilsa. Jon, still only fifteen, holds eight world records. Ilsa, at thirteen, has already set the world's record for 880 yards in 10 min. 17.7 sec.

These two have never been hypnotized, but they have persuaded themselves that they can keep on breaking world records.

Carlile's scientific training was at first darkly suspect. Former Olympic champion Judy Joy Davies admits, for example, that when she left Australia for the London Olympic Games in 1948, about the time when Carlile was first beginning to try out some of his ideas, she stubbornly refused to have anything to do with them.

But when she saw how some of her team mates were speeding up under Carlile's training she joined in—to find herself, in three weeks, holding the Olympic 100-metres backstroke record, "after one of the easiest swims of my life."

Since then the psychological attack on world swimming records has become virtually standard practice in Australia.

They have failures occasionally, of course. Just before an Olympic trial swim in Melbourne in 1956, Forbes Carlile assured butterfly champion Brian Wilkinson (now, at nineteen, world title holder for 110 yards) that he would swim fast to the end without the slightest sensation of weariness. He just wouldn't notice it.

Brian Wilkinson's mind absorbed that idea a little too wholeheartedly, and interpreted it as meaning that he would feel nothing. And that's exactly how it was. After swimming like a sad and insensitive hen, he said to Carlile: "Forbes, you were altogether too right. I didn't feel a thing. I couldn't even feel the water—couldn't grip it."

When that sort of thing happens Forbes Carlile is always able to laugh. When there is no natural mishap to laugh at, he is apt to create one, as at an Adelaide championship when he hypnotized two breaststroke swimmers, Gueko Zweep and Terry Gathercole, an Empire Games selection and Australian 220-yards champion.

Terry Gathercole won the Adelaide championship. Gueko Zweep was second. At the end of the race, unaware that they were still mentally under Forbes Carlile's influence, they shook hands—and couldn't get their hands apart. They danced around, tugged and yelped helplessly. They were unable to break or even ease the grip till their coach told them they could let go. THE END

The new atomic peril

Continued from page 10

that it should not take a competent scientist too long to work out for himself an effective means of exploding a bomb.

We can suppose, then, that it would take a country about four years to develop the bomb from scratch; this period could, of course, be somewhat reduced if outside help were received. Nevertheless, countries which are not now launched on a nuclear weapons programme could not produce them rapidly simply as the result of an executive decision.

But this does not reduce the urgency of the "Fourth Nuclear Power" problem.

Once a nation has already begun to devote considerable effort and resources to a nuclear weapons programme it will be less ready to agree to abandon it.

Almost half the countries of the world are already beginning to build up or to prepare for their own peaceful atomic energy industries.

The United States has entered into negotiation for the sale of nuclear reactors and fuel with some forty nations.

For the most part the reactors are of the "swimming pool" type, costing between £100,000 and £350,000. They are intended solely for research and training purposes.

Nevertheless, they could produce about half a kilogram of plutonium a year—or enough to produce one bomb in about eight years.

Although at present only Britain, America and the Soviet Union have fully developed atomic energy industries, Canada and France are well advanced and the creation of the European Atomic Energy Community (Euratom) will presumably expedite the efforts of its six member states, France, Italy, Germany and the Benelux countries.

The manufacture of nuclear weapons in Euratom is prohibited by the treaty which established it. But the individual countries are left free to develop separate nuclear weapons programmes of their own.

West Germany, however, is an exception. Under the Paris Agreements of 1954 Germany undertook not to manufacture atomic, bacteriological or chemical weapons. She could, of course, be released from this undertaking by the other signatories to the agreement.

Apart from the three existing nuclear powers only France has publicly announced her intention of manufacturing nuclear weapons. Sweden admits that she is contemplating doing so and she will take a final decision in about a year.

The two countries which are popularly believed to be next in the nuclear arms race are Sweden and Israel. Sweden admits that she is considering entering the race; Israel does not. Both are understandably secretive about their future intentions. Both have been active in the nuclear field since shortly after the end of the war.

Sweden created her own Atomic Energy Committee as early as 1946. She has her own natural uranium deposits which are now producing about five tons a year. She built her first experimental reactor in 1954 and is building a thermal energy station (Adam) to be completed in 1960 and an electric power station (Eve) to be completed in 1963.

Sweden is already contemplating the purchase of reactors from abroad. She is also, incidentally, taking the prospect of nuclear war sufficiently seriously to have embarked on a programme for building deep underground nuclear-bomb shelters. Two have already been built 120 ft. down in Stockholm, capable of accommodating 21,000 and 15,000 people.

The programme provides for ten of these shelters in Sweden's major cities. The idea is that during peacetime these shelters will be used for parking cars, for lecture halls, for youth centres and so on.

The foundations of the Israeli nuclear programme were laid by its first president and one of its most distinguished scientists, Dr. Chaim Weizman, as far back as 1949.

Nuclear research has been going on at the Hebrew University at Jerusalem, at the Technion in Haifa and in the Weizman Institute, where they have been particularly concerned with the enrichment of heavy water by fractional distillation.

Israel has had a heavy water plant since 1953. As long ago as 1954 the Israeli ambassador in the United States was boasting that "the number of physicists and chemists in our country engaged in theoretical and applied research (in the nuclear field) is, in relative terms, probably as high as in any other country of the world."

And a few weeks ago Ben-Gurion listed the development of Israel's atomic energy industry as one of the major tasks that lay ahead of his country during its second decade.

What seems to be absolutely certain is that within the next few years we shall see a considerable increase in the number of nations which have developed their own atomic energy industries. And such industries automatically produce material which could be converted into nuclear weapons.

There are, however, several factors which would make it difficult for any of these countries to begin to make bombs. Although natural uranium deposits are to be found in many parts of the world, few have yet been found which could be mined economically.

Apart from the three nuclear powers no country is at present producing enriched uranium. But the enriched uranium which the United States and Britain are prepared to sell to other countries is only made available to them on conditions which would effectively prevent its being used for weapons purposes.

For instance, Britain has recently concluded an agreement with Italy for the sale of a reactor and the necessary fuel. In this agreement the Italians not only give a formal undertaking not to use the fuel for weapons purposes, but they also undertake to provide us with their operating records showing how the fuel has been used and to give us the right to carry out our own inspection to verify the records.

Similarly strict conditions are imposed by the Americans on the sale abroad of their enriched uranium. But certain countries are already challenging this right of inspection on the grounds that it is a violation of their national sovereignty.

And, anyhow, for a country which was determined to have full freedom in atomic weapons production it is not difficult to come by natural uranium, though it is certainly expensive and fairly complicated to build a plant for "enriching" it.

What would be the consequences of widespread production of nuclear weapons?

To start with, each new nuclear power would want to test its bomb. The total radio-activity in the world would therefore inevitably increase.

Then it is obvious that the more widely nuclear weapons are spread throughout the world, the less possible will it be to limit small-scale incidents to conventional forces.

Imagine a situation in which the Arab countries decided to make a second attempt to destroy the state of Israel. And suppose that Israel had succeeded in producing a few atomic bombs.

There would be little likelihood that Israel would make use of such bombs provided she felt she could defeat the Arab forces with her conventional arms, because even if none of the Arab States was equipped with nuclear weapons Israel would realize that the Soviet Union, which for some years now has been strongly supporting the Arab cause against Israel, would hardly sit back and watch her Arab friends being decimated by Israeli nuclear bombs.

But if the state of Israel were in serious danger of being overwhelmed by the Arab armies, it seems highly likely that she would accept the risk of Soviet intervention and use her nuclear weapons to avert complete defeat. And if the Russians did then intervene, a very real danger of world war would have developed.

The principle of the nuclear deterrent would almost certainly apply to the smaller states possessing nuclear weapons, though less surely than it does at present to the United States and the Soviet Union.

It is more likely, for instance, that a smaller state would act irresponsibly, in a fit of anger or of madness, or that it would simply miscalculate the outcome of what it believed would be a small-scale military action.

This last contingency, in fact, seems to me to be the greatest danger arising from the proliferation of nuclear weapons—the danger of a state stumbling into nuclear war by miscalculation.

Another danger which would arise from the spread of nuclear weapons was described recently by Dulles. He said: "We don't want such weapons to get into the hands of irresponsible dictators and become possible instruments of international blackmail. An ever-present threat of that character would make the world a grim place."

If we are afraid of the spread of nuclear weapons around the world, so are the Russians. In fact, Russia is perhaps even more appalled by such a prospect than the rest of us.

Russia has done nothing to encourage her East European satellites to make their own nuclear weapons. She would hate them to do so. The small "swimming pool" type reactors which are all the East European countries apparently possess in the nuclear field are really only useful for training scientists.

Russia would certainly not be confident, after the events in Poland and Hungary in 1956, that if her Eastern satellites possessed such weapons they would not be turned against herself if similar circumstances should arise.

So Russia would probably lend at least her passive support to any move designed to prevent an increase in the number of nuclear powers.

GREATLY increased danger to world peace would result from any additional membership of the nuclear club and is, of course, one of the strongest arguments employed by those who advocate the renunciation of nuclear weapons by the United Kingdom.

The point is this. As long as the world is divided into two power groups, with each group dominated by a super-power—the United States on one side and the Soviet Union on the other—there is some hope of avoiding world war provided that each group possesses the nuclear deterrent in roughly equal measure. That is the present position.

But already each of the two superpowers has a sufficiently large stock of nuclear bombs for the mutual deterrent to be regarded as absolute. That is to say that any additional contribution of nuclear bombs to one side would not increase the existing deterrent.

Russia would be no more deterred from launching war by reason of the marginal contribution made to the Western stockpile by the British bombs. And by the same token Russia would feel no safer in launching such an aggression if the British bombs were withdrawn from the Western stockpile.

Britain therefore finds herself today in an unique position. She alone is producing nuclear weapons which make no important contribution to the prevention of war through the mutual nuclear deterrent.

Britain is therefore uniquely placed to take the lead in attempting to persuade the rest of the world—excluding the United States and the U.S.S.R.—to forgo the production of nuclear weapons.

This could only be done through a formal international agreement in which the United Kingdom undertook, from the moment it came into effect, to abandon the military side of her nuclear programme. Such an agreement could be entered into quite irrespective of whether the United States or Russia had already agreed on steps towards disarmament.

To sum up: in the next few years several countries will have developed effective atomic energy industries.

This dangerous world will have become vastly more dangerous. Only by some form of international agreement, which does not yet seem to have been seriously considered, does it seem likely to be avoided. THE END

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in JOHN BULL next week

AFFECTION—4

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W. M. Thackeray

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